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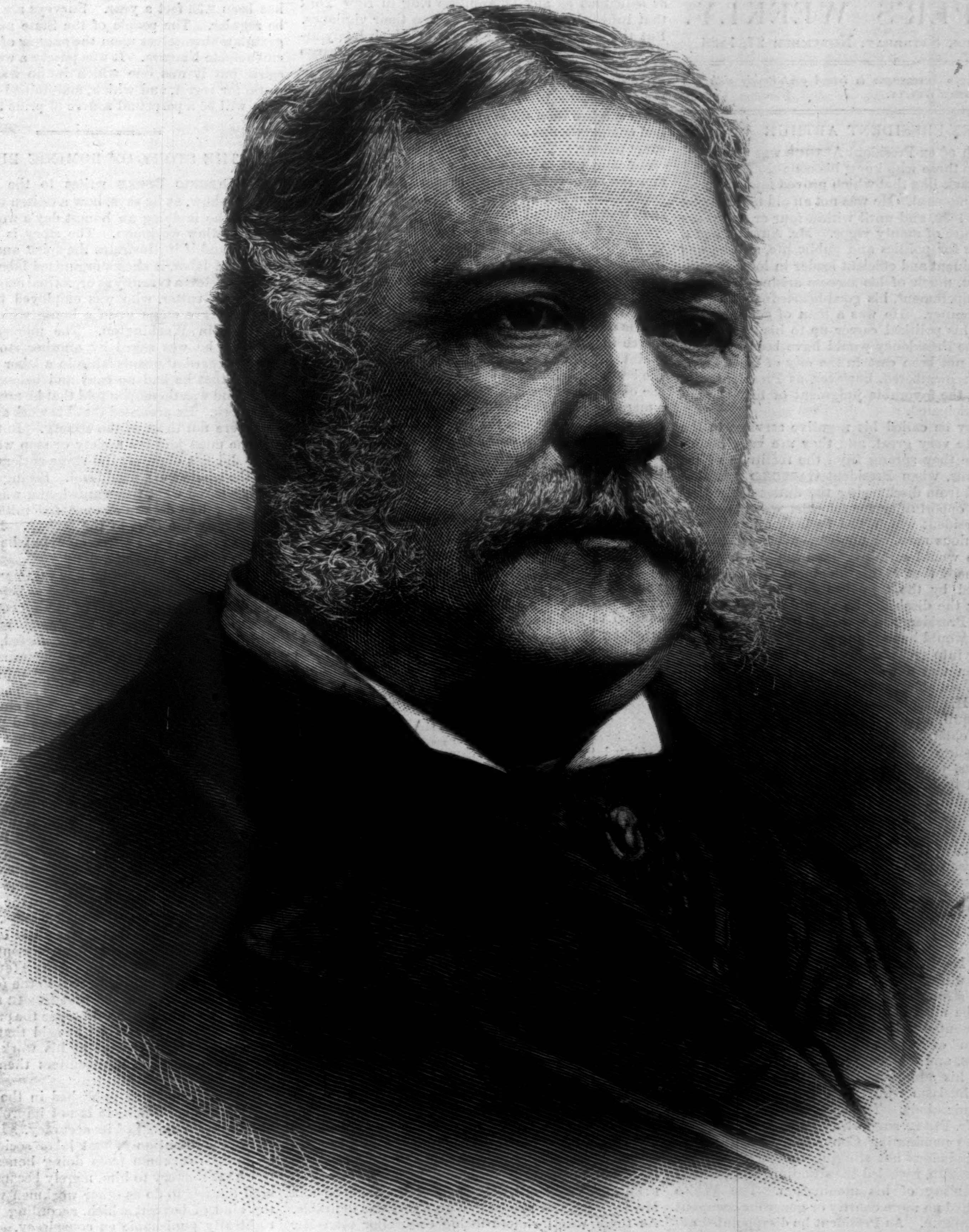

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR DECEMBER, 1886,
JUST PUBLISHED, CONTAINS:
NO CONTINUED ARTICLES; TWENTY-FIVE PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS; FOUR PLATE CUTS.

THE BOYHOOD OF CHRIST. By Gen. Lew Wallace (Author of "Ben Hur"). Superbly illustrated.
WOOD NOTES. By W. H. Gibson. Illustrated by the Author.
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY: A SONG. By Henry Carey. With eleven illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey.
THE MOUSE-TRAP: A FARCE. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Reinhart.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, November 27, 1886.

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EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

THE death of ex-President **Arthur** was not unexpected to those who knew his condition, and that a sudden attack like that which proved fatal was possible at any moment. He was not an old man, for he was born in 1830, and until within four or five years he was a figure of manly vigor. Mr. **Arthur** had a natural taste for politics and public life, and he was a very prominent and efficient leader in local Republican politics, much of his success arising from his cheerful temperament, his good-heartedness, and urbanity of manner. He was a man of generous impulses, and his political career up to his sudden elevation to the Presidency would have been different had his lot not been cast in the city of New York. He will be remembered, however, as President, and as President the favorable judgment of history may be easily anticipated.

What may be called his negative services to the country were very great, and they are very honorable, because they sprang from the rectitude of his nature. Thus, when President **Garfield** was shot and disabled from discharging the duties of the Presidency, an opportunity for mischief was offered to the Vice-President which, had he been an ambitious or unscrupulous man, or one easily inclined to evil counsels, he would certainly have improved. If he had announced that in his judgment the disability contemplated by the Constitution had arisen, and that during the disability he should assume the duties of the Presidency, he would have violated no law, and he would have plunged the government and the country into great confusion. The possibility of the situation was a warning which should be improved by a suitable provision for determining such inability. His administration as President was dignified, tranquil, and in the best sense conservative. One of its chief excellencies was the restoration of friendly feeling upon the part of other American governments, which the course of Mr. **Blaine** had excited and irritated. One of its chief acts was his prompt signature of the Civil Service Reform Law, which he faithfully enforced. After the angry period of reconstruction, and of **Johnson**, and of the disputed election of **Hayes**, and the assassination of **Garfield**, the pacific course of **Arthur** was most welcome to the country, to which it gave the repose which was eagerly desired.

It is not impossible that the nomination of Mr. **Arthur** in 1884 would have saved the Republican party from the catastrophe resulting from the nomination of Mr. **Blaine**. But the doubt lay in the State of New York, where Republican factional feeling was so strong that a sincere union of the party seemed to be most improbable. Unfortunately **Arthur** represented only the *status quo* as against the "magnetism" of **Blaine** and the sturdy uprightness of **Edmunds**, and while no man could deny the excellence of his administration, there could be none of that enthusiasm which is so influential in determining nominations. The spectacle of his old and fast ally Mr. **Platt** supporting **Blaine** against **Arthur** in the nominating Convention, and the consequent injudicious but stinging invective of **Martin I. Townsend**, revealed the situation, and forecast the impossibility of his nomination. The White House has had no more courtly or generous occupant than Mr. **Arthur**. As President he disappointed every apprehension of ill, and surprised even those who knew him well. He was a man of high honor, of humane instincts, of purity of life, of patriotic purpose. Beloved in every domestic relation, a faithful friend, a cheerful companion, he will be remembered kindly by his associates, and the history of his times will commend him.

THE QUARANTINE RING.

According to a statement in the *Journal of Commerce*, the exposure last year of the imposition practised upon the commerce of New York by the extortion known as the patent disinfection of rags has not entirely suppressed that outrage. The law admits raw material in the form of rags free of duty. But the Health-officer of this port, and what is known as "the Quarantine ring," under the pretense of thoroughly disinfecting rags, lay a duty of about $6 per ton upon them, or 20 per cent. of the value of the rags. This little device results in the emolument of "the ring," and in nullifying a law of Congress by making the raw material of paper manufacture pay an import tax equal to that of the manufactured article.

The importers of rags are quite as much interested as any "ring" of speculators that disease shall not be diffused by the commodities in which they deal. They have no wish to suffer infection themselves, nor to spread infection. Moreover, the Quarantine authorities of New London and of Perth Amboy are as solicitous as any Quarantine ring in New York that infected goods shall not escape their vigilance. But the consignees of the *Sonntag*, which lately arrived at this port from Kioto, in Japan, with a cargo of rags, were able to save $4000 by sending the cargo to Perth Amboy and to New London. It was not because the health authorities at those ports were more careless than those at New York, but that they had common-sense, and that there was no "ring" to exact tribute. The rags were warranted by consular certificates not to have been exposed to contagion, and the authorities had no reason to disregard the certificates. The *Journal of Commerce* states that the Health-officer at New York refused to pass them without disinfection, because the consuls gave such certificates without instructions from their government.

This is simply driving the business of importing rags away from the port of New York. If any sound reason connected with the public health or any other public advantage could be pleaded for repelling commerce in this manner, there could be no just complaint. But, as the *Journal of Commerce*, which is the best authority upon such subjects, tells the story, the objection of the Health-officer seems to have been a mere pretext. The revelations of last year in regard to patent disinfection, the political relations of Mr. **Platt**, the Quarantine Commissioner, to members of the Legislature, the refusal of the Senate to confirm the successor to the Health-officer who was nominated by Governor **Hill**, and the fact that politicians are interested in "the ring," make the refusal of the Health-officer to recognize the consular certificates very extraordinary, because it was a refusal which, except for the act of the consignees in sending the vessel to another port, would have been of great advantage to "the ring." It will be interesting to observe whether the Governor makes another nomination to the Health-office during the winter, and whether, in that event, Mr. **Platt** and "the ring" will attempt to defeat it. It is a question in which the merchants of New York would appear to have some interest.

FREE NIAGARA.

The late reports of the Superintendent of the Niagara Reservation show constant activity in completing the work, and the good results already accomplished. There is necessarily an immense detail to be considered and adjusted, and the happy prosecution of the enterprise demands tact, care, and sagacity. The two points of chief public interest mentioned in the late reports are the selection of Messrs. **Olmsted** and **Vaux** as landscape architects, and the probable favorable action of the Legislature of Ontario in regard to the acquirement of the Canadian shore. The Ontario Commission has completed its estimate of the awards for lands and other expenses, the total amount of which is $424,000, and the Legislature is expected to pass the necessary appropriations during the approaching session. Messrs. **Olmsted** and **Vaux** have been engaged in a study of the grounds. The selection of these gentlemen is as excellent as that of the Commission itself, and is the surest security against every suspicion of jobbery.

Seventy years ago a State Senator is said to have proposed that the State should secure the banks of the cataract. But the suggestion was fruitless. About twenty years ago Mr. **Olmsted** remarked that the Falls were being practically obliterated as a natural spectacle, and the movement for the restoration really began in the following year, when Messrs. **Olmsted** and **Vaux** and the architect **Richardson** and Mr. **Dorsheimer** agreed that an effort was desirable. As there was no more fitting counsellor than Mr. **Olmsted**, if the reservation should be made, so there was no more urgent advocate of it than Mr. **Olmsted**. His conception from the first has been of the simplest and what may be called the most natural treatment of the grounds, aiming mainly at preserving the trees and turf, and securing the sylvan seclusion which is the charm of such a scene. With his general views the Commission has sympathized, and to the good fortune of obtaining the reservation will be added that of its most appropriate and satisfactory arrangement.

Meanwhile a convenient carriage service has been established as in Central Park; bridges, banks, railings, and small buildings have been renewed or removed, as was most desirable, and the nuisance of fees and commissions practically abolished. The park is not lighted, but that subject is under consideration, and on moonlight nights one of the entrances is opened for the convenience of visitors who, in the words of the famous advertisement of the Pompeiian hotel, "willing see" the effect. The Superintendent's report states that better village government has resulted from the establishment of the reservation. A serious injury to the park was the prostration of nearly seventy trees by a gale in October. In August a survey by Professors **Gilbert** and **Woodford**, of the United States Geological Survey, showed that the angle of the Horseshoe Fall has receded two hundred feet since the survey of 1875, and that the average rate of recession along the whole line of the Falls has been 2.38 feet a year. Surveys are hereafter to be regular. The people of the State may well congratulate themselves upon the success of the effort to emancipate Niagara. It was purely a work of public spirit, but it was one which in no way has given cause for regret, and which, maintained as it has begun, will be a perpetual source of pride to the State.

THE STORY OF DOMINIC BURKE.

Mr. **Dominic Burke** writes to the Washington *Post* to show, as he says, how a citizen of the United States who is doing an honest day's work is treated by his fellow-workmen. The story is told at some length, and if it illustrates the spirit and methods of organized labor, it shows organized labor to be quite as remorseless a tyranny as organized capital. **Burke** is a stone-cutter, who was employed by the architects to carve stone upon a house which they were building in Washington. The moment he began to work he was asked by another stone-cutter to show his card of membership in a labor society. He replied that he had no card and belonged to no society, and was thereupon told that he must join one or quit work. He protested that his work and hours and pay were not those of the society. But he was told that he must join the society or stop work, and that if he did not obey, all the stone-cutters would stop, and the whole work would end. Seeing the dilemma, **Burke** asked what was wanted, and was told that he must pay five dollars at once for initiation, and in future obey the laws of the society. He refused to join, because he was a free man, but he paid the five dollars to buy "present quiet."

Two weeks afterward he was summoned to a meeting of the society. He appeared as before a tribunal of justice, and was accused of having come from New York two years before to work upon another house, which he denied. He was contradicted, and was told that upon that occasion he had been warned by agents of the society to leave the city within twenty-four hours. All this **Burke** denied. He agreed, however, that he had worked upon certain churches in Baltimore, and he was ordered to go and pay the stone-cutters' society there for the work that he had done. The next morning, as he was beginning work, he was told that if he did not stop work and go to Baltimore, all the stone-cutters would stop work. He was puzzled, because he knew no stone-cutters in Baltimore, and they would tell him the names of none. He stopped work, however, and went to Baltimore, and finding a stone-cutter, asked him to write him how much he was expected to pay. **Burke** waited idle for five days expecting an answer. None came, and he offered to pay twenty-five dollars to the Baltimore Society not to interfere with his business. The Washington foreman said that it was a fair offer, and after some grumbling the other men consented to let him work until the answer came. After a few days a letter was shown to **Burke** addressed to the foreman, making no claim, and saying that **Burke** must shift for himself. He was then told to see the president of the Washington society. But he said that he had done enough, and should keep at his work, and not see the president. The stone-cutters then struck—and **Burke** was dismissed.

This is his story as published in the Washington *Post* over his name. It is not improbable, and we have seen no denial of its accuracy. If it be true, it shows the intention of that labor society to prevent an honest workman from doing honest work upon terms satisfactory to him, merely because he will not bind himself to do as other workmen wish. This is the kind of boycott which, according to the law, is rightfully punishable as conspiracy. Undoubtedly men may agree that they will not work with a particular person. But to refuse to work with him, and by combination to procure his dismissal, solely because he wishes to enjoy his rightful liberty, is a crime against manhood and a disgrace to the American name. It is not easy to believe that honest Americans could take part in such proceedings as

Burke describes. If his story be true—and it is not improbable—intelligent workmen ought to be able to see why such organizations are denounced as fatal to the fundamental American principles of liberty.

RECORD AGAINST REGULARITY.

There was a pleasant illustration of the good effect of energetic and intelligent and determined independence at the late election in New York. The Thirteenth Assembly District is Republican, and a large number of Republican voters on the 14th of October signed a letter which was sent to the other Republicans in the district. The letter said:

> "We have determined to oppose any unworthy candidate who may be nominated for Assembly; for example, if he be a liquor dealer, a professional politician of doubtful reputation, a man who will not pay his debts, or one who boasts of his wickedness. No such man can fitly represent us to make our laws. If the Republicans nominate such a man, we shall vote for the Democratic nominee, if he be fit, and *vice versa*, and if necessary we shall make a nomination ourselves. We would rather see reform within the parties, but we shall no longer submit to have improper candidates put upon us, and our support required in order to sustain a party. It has become a question of men, not parties, if we are to be called upon to be so *mis*represented."

Mr. Frederick S. Gibbs, ex-Senator, was nominated by the Republican Convention. He fell especially under the description of "unworthy candidate," and he was defeated by Republican votes. Any Republican with a satisfactory "record" would have been elected; and it is a good fortune for the public that the "record" of a candidate is becoming very much more important than his "regularity." Reform within the party will never be accomplished unless voters are ready to seek reform out of the party if it is refused. Senator Warner Miller told some college boys last summer that the patriotic course is to belong to a party and seek reform within it, but he implied that they must stick to the party whatever became of reform. If this had been the principle of the Republicans in the Thirteenth District Mr. Gibbs would have been elected.

THE PERILS OF BANTER.

In recently speaking of Lady Randolph Churchill opening a Primrose Lodge we asked, banteringly, how about the sphere of woman and lovely ladies mixing in vulgar politics, when the wife of a duke's son, who is the second man in the British Ministry, actually makes a political speech? The banter was obvious if clumsy. But a correspondent of the gentler sex begs us to spare our flings at English ladies, since the lady in question is not English at all, but American, and if she "casts aside the rules governing the conduct of the mothers, wives, and daughters of England," it is not because she is English. We are asked to be just, and to remove the stigma cast upon English ladies.

Most willingly will we remove such a stigma if we have cast it. But it becomes a painful necessity to point out to our correspondent that we were not making fun of any lady whatever, but we were smiling at the men who think it perfectly consonant with "the sphere," etc., if a charming woman sings or acts in public for money, but a wanton abandonment of the "sphere" if she speaks in public to help a good cause. We suggested that an act performed by a "woman's rights woman"—carrying an umbrella—is denounced as repulsive to the just instincts of propriety and the preordained fitness of things; but when performed by a lady of fashion, and *comme il faut*, it is pretty and charming; and we left the moral to be inferred.

The only stigma was one that descended upon the gallant and illogical male champions of the sphere of woman as determined by men and not by women themselves. We beg our correspondent to take heart again. Perhaps morals should not be left to be inferred.

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

We are frequently asked if the name of Franklin Square was derived from Walter Franklin, the noted merchant of a century ago, whose widow married Samuel Osgood, of the Treasury, and whose daughter married De Witt Clinton. He lived at the junction of Pearl and Cherry streets, in a house which he built, and which was afterward the official residence of Washington when he came to New York to be inaugurated President. This question we have answered more than once. Franklin Square was not named for Walter Franklin, but for Dr. Franklin.

In Harper's Monthly a few years since the Easy Chair quoted the resolution passed by the Board of Aldermen on the 17th of March, 1817, as follows:

> "*Resolved*, That the square now called St. George's Square, at the intersection of Cherry Street, be hereafter named and called Franklin Square, as a testimony of the high respect entertained by this Board for the literary and philosophical character of the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin."

THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS AND ITS PASTOR.

The fortieth anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. Dr. Storrs as minister of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn was the occasion of a general tribute of respect to one of the most faithful pastors, earnest preachers, accomplished scholars, eloquent orators, and public-spirited citizens in this community. With his usual felicity of phrase, Dr. Storrs in his anniversary sermon spoke of his church and its life as characterized by a certain reserve. This is singularly true. It is a religious community of great resources and activity, but its work has been done always without a trumpet.

The same reserve distinguishes its pastor. No man's name here is better known or more sincerely honored. Yet his whole career has been entirely free from sensationalism of every kind. He has the instinctive fastidiousness of the refined scholar, but also the hearty manliness of the Christian gentleman, and the most generous sympathy for all good causes and humane endeavors. His pastorate is, with one exception, we believe, the longest in this neighborhood. It is indeed a very unusual one, and he says that he has sometimes thought that for the society a change might be desirable. But he has probably also felt in the affectionate constancy of his people that such a suggestion would not be tolerated.

There is something very touching and very beautiful in such a relation so long continued. The congregation to which he ministers gradually changes before the pastor's eye. It is at last the children in the place of the parents to whom he speaks, and he may sometimes feel himself and his society to symbolize the ever-fresh voice of the eternal truth, and the passing generations of men to which it speaks. Still in the vigor of his life, and with mellowed and increasing powers, Dr. Storrs receives the good wishes of this anniversary from a multitude whom he has charmed and taught and inspired, quite beyond the limits of his own church and society.

MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

We stated last week from the minutes laid before Parliament and from the speech of Lord Randolph Churchill at Dartford precisely the scope and purpose of the present inquiry into the English civil service. It is not what is called the reformed system, the principle of appointment by competition and probation, that is the subject of investigation, but the cost and the details of organization, the character of which we specified. Yet this proposed investigation Mr. Blaine described as a "humiliating but honest confession in regard to the civil service of England that that service is rotten to the core, and must be torn up by the roots."

Confronted by the discrepancy between the facts and his statement, Mr. Blaine has published a letter in which he offers this explanation: "In effect I said that the English civil service, which was held up as a model for our own government by those who left the Republican party two years ago, is now under investigation and apparent condemnation by the English themselves." Our readers will judge for themselves whether Mr. Blaine's explanation fairly states what he said in his speech. But his assertion that the Independent Republicans, or Mugwumps, have held up the English civil service as a model for our own is entirely unfounded in fact. What civil service reformers in this country have done is to show that the principle of open competition, so far as it has been introduced in the English service, has abolished the abuses of personal favoritism in appointments.

Mr. Blaine states that he has never repudiated reform in the civil service, nor abated his interest in it, and he attempts to stimulate prejudice against independent voters by stating that his object was to declare that "the very worst leaders for a continental republic are those who persist in seeing the perfection of human government in an insular monarchy." Yet the very truest and most characteristic Americans, those who have the utmost faith and hope in American republican institutions, are to be found among the Independent Republicans at whom Mr. Blaine's speech and letter were both directed.

THE CASE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY BENTON.

It is very unfortunate that the suspension of District Attorney Benton in Missouri for "pernicious activity" in politics should prove to have been in the judgment of the President so hasty that he has felt obliged to rescind the order. It is unfortunate because it was a very conspicuous case, and the effect of prompt suspension, had it been sustained, would have been most salutary. It is no less unfortunate for another reason, namely, that the order was followed by Democratic threats which give to the revocation an air of surrender to partisan bullying, which must accordingly cast great discredit upon the President's course, and disturb public confidence in his purpose.

His reinstatement of Mr. Benton, however, when he is convinced that he was hastily removed, and in the face of the inevitable sneering and ridicule of the spoils politicians in both parties, is very characteristic. It is, of course, impossible to specify in detail the acts which constitute "pernicious activity." As the President says in his letter to Mr. Benton, he hoped that a careful consideration of the spirit as well as the language of the warning would leave no doubt of its meaning to those who honestly wished to regard it. It is because of the very fact that absolute precision of detail in such a warning is impossible that suspension is to be regretted except upon the most conclusive evidence. But in our opinion that evidence is furnished by Mr. Benton himself. He says that his appointments to speak in the campaign were made "so that I could and did reach Kansas City *once in each week* to look after routine business of the office." In the case of a district attorney if this be not "pernicious activity," we do not understand the words.

The impression produced by the reinstatement of Mr. Benton, in the absence of public knowledge of a general enforcement of the order, will be very unfavorable. It seems to be equivalent to a revocation of the order. But we repeat our advice to those in every community who are aware of instances of violation of the order to submit the evidence duly authenticated to the Executive. It is by the co-operation of those who desire to suppress such "pernicious activity" that the abuse must be corrected.

MAYOR GRACE AND THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Mayor Grace's appointment of Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge as members of the Board of Education in the city of New York is an act most excellent in itself, and it has been received with universal commendation. Its merit lies in its obvious propriety and in the admirable selection. That women should serve upon such boards is now generally conceded to be most desirable. There have been many such appointments, and there could be no better beginning in New York than the appointment of Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge.

Both of the ladies have been interested and active in beneficent enterprises, and both have shown the qualities which are desirable in the Board of Education. When Governor Tilden appointed a woman upon the State Board of Charities, and Governor Cornell appointed another, it was a most sensible and therefore a most conservative innovation. The result has been in every way excellent, and we are not aware that the selection of women upon school boards has been anywhere regretted.

The reasons which make this change advantageous are obvious. They are not only that women have an equal interest with men in the education of children, that the teachers of young children are generally women, and that they have a specific knowledge of the wants of children which men have not, but that their good sense and judgment in the conduct of schools are quite as valuable as those of men. There is no serious change of this kind which admits women to equal practical responsibility with men which has not proved to be a step of real progress.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, critic, and banker, calls his summer house at New Castle, New Hampshire, "Kelp Rock," because the rock on which it is built extends out to sea, and at low water a surface of one hundred yards is covered with sea-weed, or kelp. Spray often dashes over the house in stormy weather. The stately tower is modelled after an old light-house, or *lanterne*, on the French coast, the loggia is Italian in style, and the rest of the building Colonial. The farmers for ten miles around showed their good-will by carting stones for the walls, and Mr. Stedman himself selected whitish, dark, and yellow bowlders along the coast for their color effects, and gave the Yankee masons many points in laying them.

—Father Herman, assistant rector of the German Catholic church of Lafayette, Indiana, has just completed the task of translating General Lew Wallace's work, *Ben-Hur*, into German, having secured from General Wallace exclusive rights for Germany.

—New Castle, New Hampshire, has an interesting colony. The old Colonial farm of George Jaffrey is owned by John Albee. Near by is the cottage of Professor George Bartlett, of Cambridge; and Jacob Wendell, of New York, has built a large villa on the harbor shore. The famous Lord Wentworth house, with fifty rooms, has been bought by Mr. Coolidge, the Boston artist, son-in-law of Francis Parkman, who is restoring it in strict Colonial style. New Castle is a great resort for literary people, and its teas and "at homes" are becoming celebrated.

—Bayard Taylor's Hannah Thurston, the strong-minded woman whom her lover finally succeeded in converting, though only after marrying her, is the subject of an etching by Mr. C. Y. Turner, soon to be published by M. Knoedler & Co. The handsome Hannah stands at a window, overlooking a sunny spring landscape, and resigning herself to day-dreams.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes often dates his private correspondence "Boston," without mention of street or number. Since his return from London he has been compelled to devote much time to answering correspondents. His handwriting is as fluent and almost as clear as that of a young book-keeper, and he signs himself O. W. Holmes, using only the initials of his Christian names, as Mr. Lowell does, and making the *l* of the Holmes so small that it looks like a part of the *m*.

—Some years ago Mr. Frederic E. Church, the artist, suggested to Mr. Calvert Vaux, the landscape architect, that it would be feasible to improve the artistic effect of Niagara Falls on the American side by opening up a few channels which would allow the water to flow here and there over the high rock wall on Goat Island, between the Horseshoe and the American Falls, and thus give sparkle and life to that subsidiary portion of the scene. Mr. Vaux proposes to consider the suggestion in his forth-coming plan for laying out the Niagara park.

—On the 11th of November, at the Chatham Square station of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad, the porter hurriedly handed to the conductor a child about ten years old, with the words, "This boy is lost; wants to go to Castle Garden" The writer of this paragraph, who happened to be on the train, noticed that after slamming the gates of the car platforms the conductor put his arm around the frightened lad, whose eyes were red with weeping, leaned down until their cheeks almost touched, spoke as kindly as a mother to him, and soon had him smiling. The number on the conductor's cap was 242.

—Mr. H. A. C. Taylor's new $75,000 house at Newport is very nearly in pure Colonial style, as seen in its entrance porch, its triple arrangement of windows, its cornice, and its balustrade on the roof. The enormous chimneys, four feet and a half wide and six feet deep, are divided in their heights by a series of ribs. The trimmings of the house are painted white, and the body, of clapboards, is a pale buff. The dimensions of the ground-plan are 138 feet by 62. The vestibule is divided from the hall by an arch with two columns and a flat transom. Mr. Taylor is the son of the late Moses Taylor.

—Mr. W. L. Picknell will soon go abroad again, proposing to devote two years to painting English scenery.

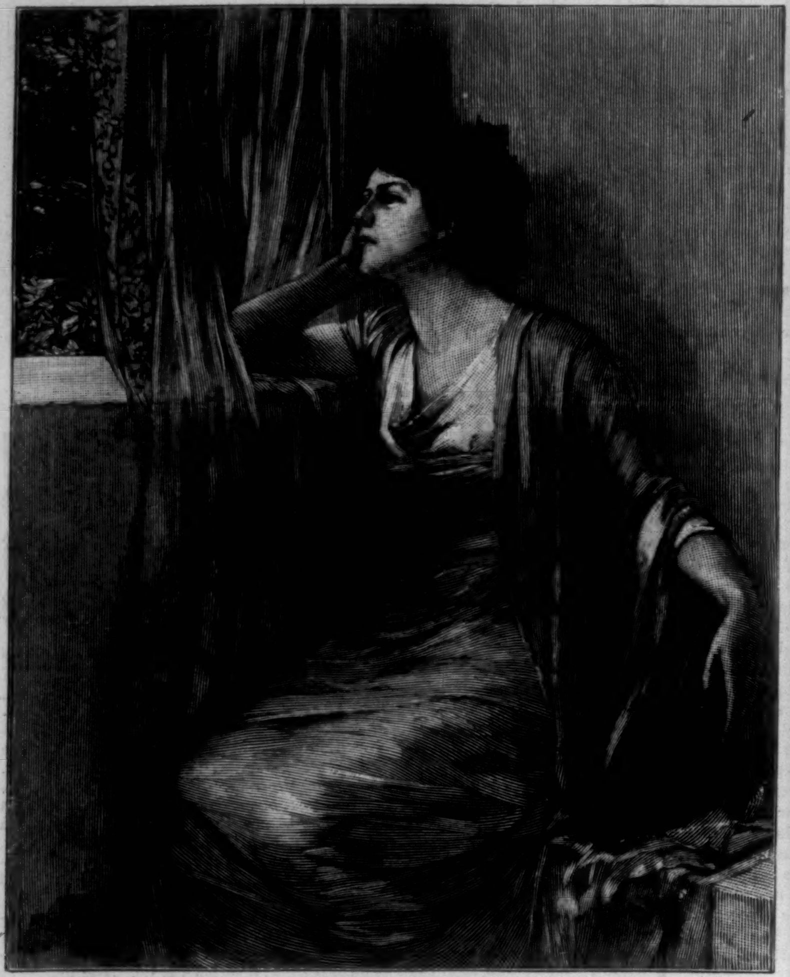
—Governor George D. Robinson, of Massachusetts, is very fond of the drama, which he prefers to see from a stage-box, but he never witnesses ballet-dancing.

—The Honorable Oliver Ames, Governor-elect of Massachusetts, was at the Saturday-night banquet given by Mr Henry E. Dixey to Mr. Wilson Barrett, and showed a touch of Puritan spirit by leaving at five minutes before midnight.

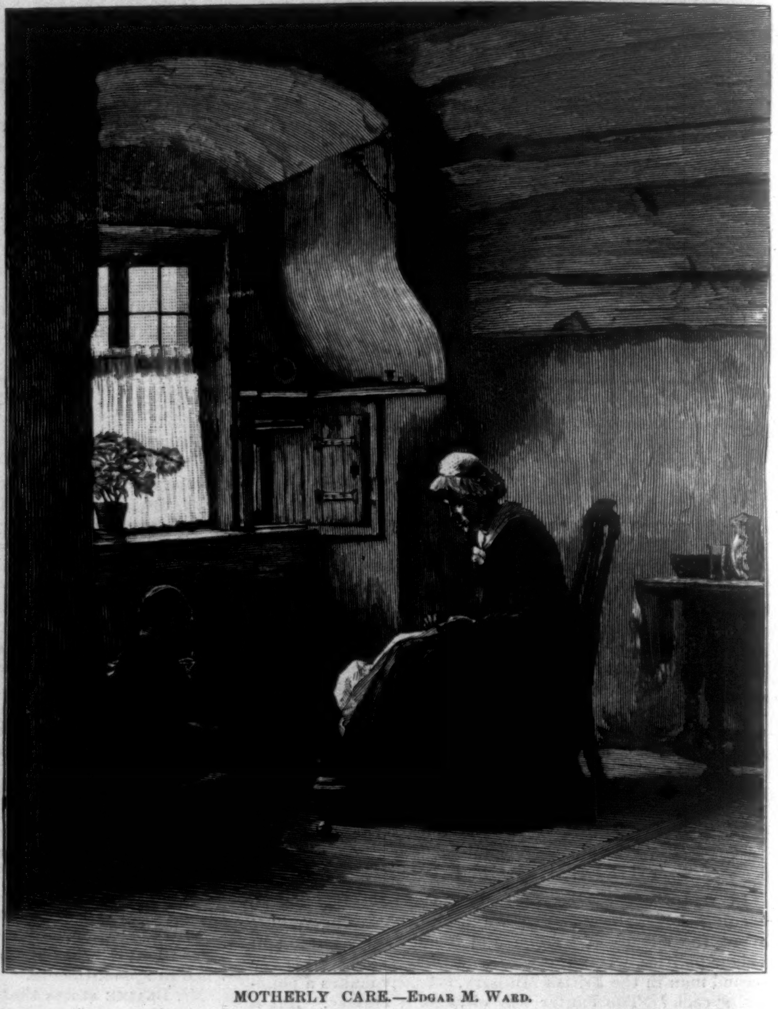
—Claus Spreckels, the sugar-planter of San Francisco, received several years ago the order of knighthood and other decorations from King Kalakaua, because of his liberal loans to the Hawaiian government. Last month Mr. Spreckels returned all these decorations, as the government had authorized a European loan which leaves him with small security for the $750,000 that he had advanced to the King.

—A member of one of the militia regiments which guarded the Chicago stock yards during the recent strike having, because of his enforced absence from business, been discharged by the firm which employed him, Mr. P. D. Armour sent word to General Fitz-Simons, in command of the militia, that all soldiers who had lost positions by reason of their military service would be employed by him at work similar to that they had been doing, and at as good wages as they had previously received or better.

—From advance sheets of the annual report of the New York Free Circulating Library we learn that the total circulation last year was 234,448—an increase of 33,489 over that of the year before—and that only two books were lost. The trustees think that this result is unsurpassed in the annals of any other free lending library in the world. Many of the volumes have been literally read to pieces. The present circulation is as large as is desired, and the hope is for means to open one or more new branch libraries during the coming winter. The works lent are classified as follows: fiction, 3449; juvenile, 1907; literature, 1501; histories, 934; biographies, 777; travels, 723; philosophy and religion, 337. Miss Coe and the assistant librarians are specially thanked for their care and attention. The total expenses last year were only $10,123, of which but two-thirds went in salaries.



THE TAMBOURINE-PLAYER.—F. D. MILLET.



MOTHERLY CARE.—EDGAR M. WARD.

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

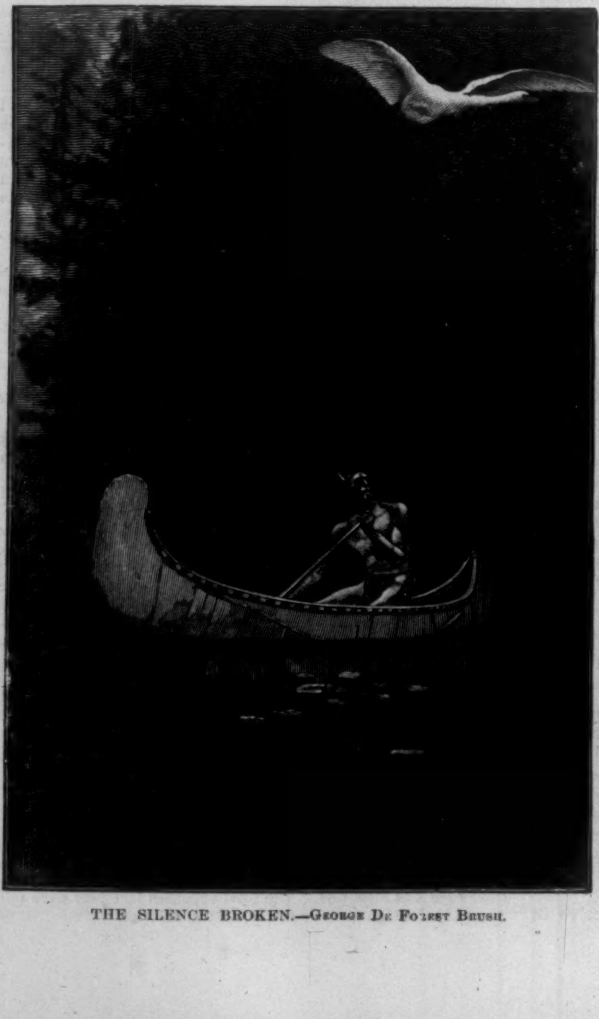
THE autumn exhibitions, which would have been wholly impracticable a few years ago, have already become of actual importance. The exhibition opened this week in the National Academy of Design is of a degree of merit, variety, and interest which makes it quite as notable as the regular spring exhibition. Indeed, it may be doubted if there is any serious disparity between the present and the last regular display. All the galleries are filled, and the number of rejected works approaches very nearly to that of a spring exhibition.

The Academy has been greatly improved by the merging into one gallery of the west and northwest rooms. This not only confers additional wall space, but makes a large, handsome, and well-lighted room, second in importance and size only to the South Gallery itself. It implied more or less of a slight to be hung in the West Gallery heretofore, and it was positively a mark of discredit to be hung in the Northwest Gallery, between which and the ignominy of the corridor there was little distinction. All this has been done away with by the creation of the new gallery, which, hung as it is at present, is almost as imposing as the South Gallery.

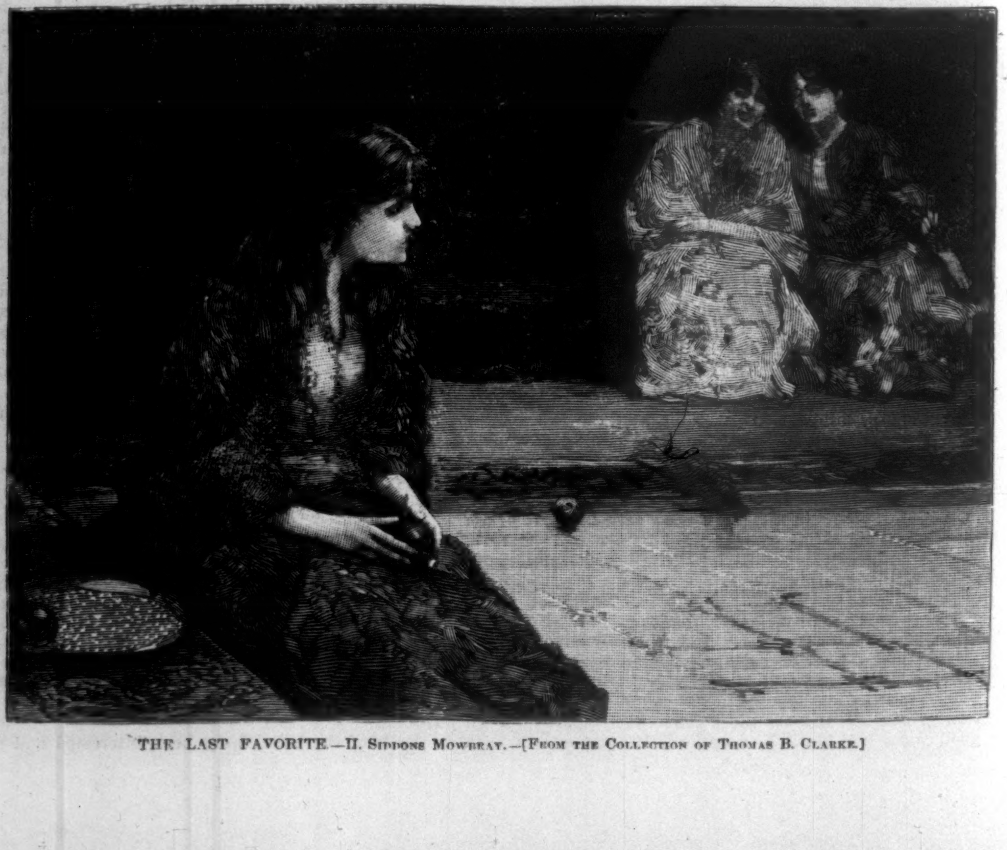
The collection as a whole is by far the best autumn exhibition that has yet been made. It is brilliant, varied, and interesting, and it is full of novelties. The number of new names is astonishing, and it is evident that the whole Academy walls, in either autumn or spring, could be completely covered with the pictures of artists who had never been heard of before as exhibitors.

The best landscape in the exhibition is by Mr. R. A. BLAKELOCK, a large sombre composition of great depth and sobriety of color, conceived in sympathy with some of the more characteristic works of JULES DUPRÉ, and altogether a very impressive and notable picture. We have been accustomed to Mr. BLAKELOCK as a fantastic colorist dealing with capricious varnishes and arbitrary pigments, but never expressing a really coherent or a thoughtful idea in any of his works, and achieving only a passing success of certain vague but agreeable harmonies of color. We confess to an unmixed surprise at seeing attributed to him a landscape so powerful as the remarkable picture which is numbered 441 in the South Gallery. Mr. MOWBRAY'S picture "The Last Favorite" (No. 561) is a very agreeable canvas, painted with much delicacy and skill. Mr. F. D. MILLET'S contribution is "The Tambourine-Player" (No. 178), a charming figure of a girl with her hand resting on a tambourine, painted with exquisite delicacy, and disclosing that refinement of treatment and delightful color which are rapidly leading Mr. MILLET to the foremost rank among contemporary painters. It is a very beautiful picture, but it is not Mr. MILLET at his best, because his best is now always the last thing that he has done, so steady and uninterrupted is the remarkable progress which we see him achieving in his art. The two pictures which he sent a few days ago to the Royal Institute in London are described to us as two of the most notable pictures in that usually very notable exhibition. Mr. EDGAR M. WARD'S "Motherly Care" is a very brilliant and delightfully lighted interior, a quaint study excellently chosen, and the figures, which are full of grace and quiet elegance, are treated with unusual power. It is the best picture that Mr. WARD has yet exhibited, and shows a very distinct and considerable progress. Mr. BRUSH pursues his studies of the aboriginal American with unswerving fidelity, and if we cannot follow his ideal Indian with equanimity or accept unquestioningly his anatomy, we must nevertheless accord him a great deal of credit for what he has attained in his study of the Western savage. His contribution to the present exhibition is called "The Silence Broken" (No. 476), and is a striking picture of an Indian paddling in a canoe by the border of some silent lake or stream, and being startled by the note of a wild swan flying close over his head.

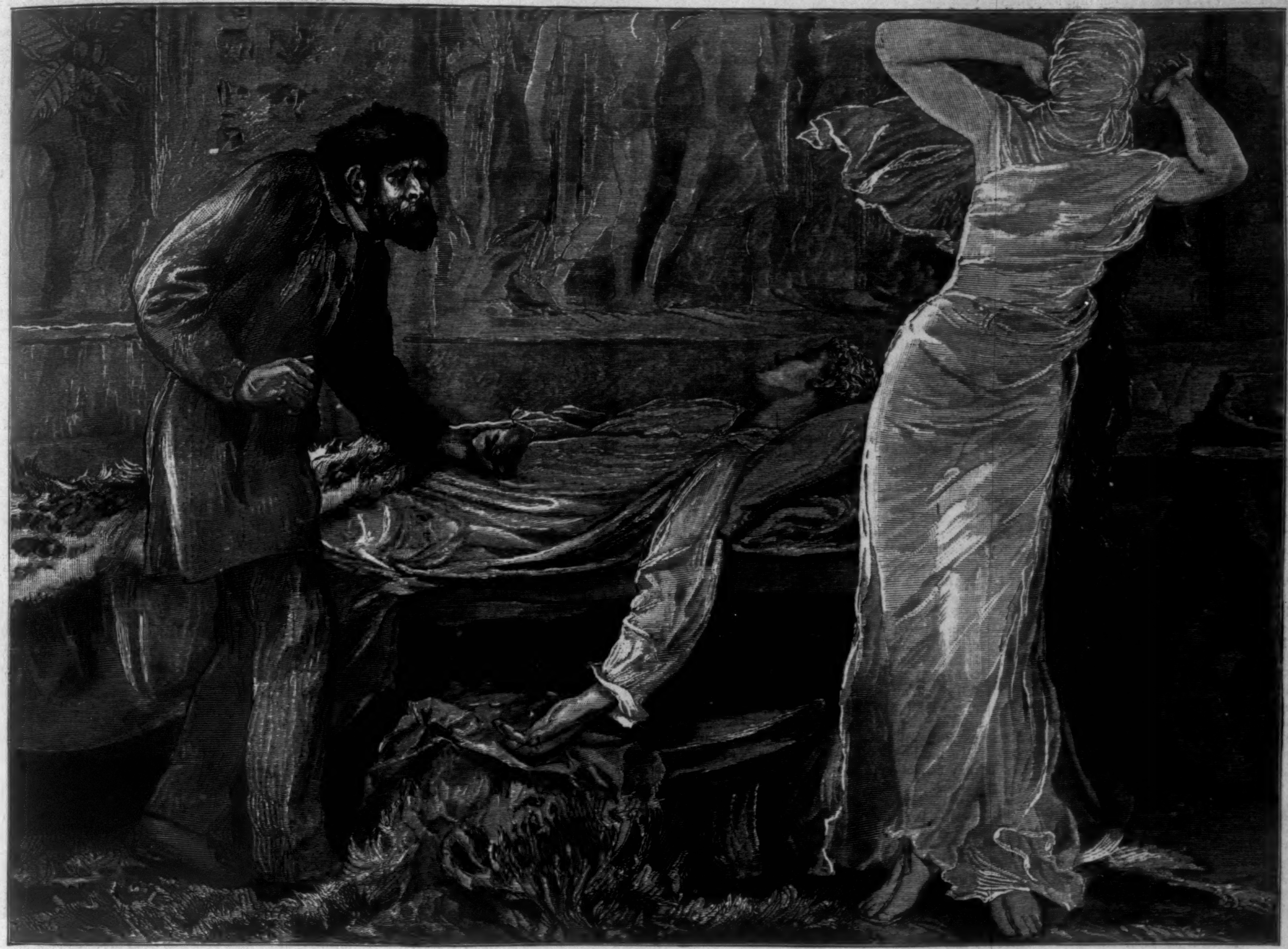
Mr. WILLIAM RICE contributes a striking portrait of a young man with eyes like those of Belvawney in GILBERT'S well-known comedy. It is well painted and well drawn (No. 437). Mr. W. H. TREGO contributes two excellent and stirring battle subjects, much better in execution than anything he has heretofore shown. Mr. EMIL CARLSEN exhibits a very large and striking canvas of a still-life and domestic subject, which hangs conspicuously and effectively at the east end of the South Gallery. Mr. HOWARD R. BUTLER has a very clever interior, with accessories of an interesting character and very effectively managed (No. 404), in the South Gallery. Mr. G. W. MAYNARD has sent a striking study of a young woman in a Chinese garment, upon which is embroidered profusely in blue the sign of happiness. It is a very clever and interesting piece of work. Near to it Mr. J. ALDEN WEIR has an excellent study of two hunting dogs asleep in front of a fire. Mr. HOMER MARTIN'S friends will be glad to see him come prominently to the front after a long absence. He has sent in two Brittany subjects which have more distinctness of purpose and really thoughtful work in them than anything of his that has before been seen in this country.



THE SILENCE BROKEN.—GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH.



THE LAST FAVORITE.—H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY.—[FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE.]



"NEXT SECOND HER TALL AND WILLOWY FORM WAS STAGGERING BACK ACROSS THE ROOM, AS THOUGH SHE HAD BEEN SHOT OR STABBED."

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

XVI.

THE TOMBS OF KÔR.

After the prisoners had been removed, Ayesha waved her hand, and the spectators turned round and began to crawl off down the cave like a scattered flock of sheep. When they got a fair distance from the dais, however, they rose and walked away, leaving the Queen and myself alone, with the exception of the mutes and a few guards, most of the latter having departed with the doomed men. Thinking this a good opportunity, I asked *She* to come and see Leo, telling her of his serious condition; but she would not, saying that he certainly would not die before the night, as people never died of that sort of fever except at nightfall or dawn. Also she said that it would be better to let the fever spend its course as much as possible before she cured it. Accordingly I was rising to leave, when she bade me follow her, as she would talk with me, and show me the wonders of the caves.

I was too much involved in the web of her fatal fascinations to say her no, even if I had wished to, which I did not. She rose from her chair, and making some signs to the mutes, descended from the dais. Thereon four of the girls took lamps, and ranged themselves two in front and two behind us, but the others went away.

"Now," she said, "wouldst thou see some of the wonders of this place, O Holly? Look upon this great cave. Saw ye ever the like? Yet was it, and many more like it, hollowed by the hands of the dead race that once lived here in the city on the plain. A great and a wonderful people must they have been, these men of Kôr; but, like the Egyptians, they thought more of the dead than the living. How many men, think ye, working for how many years, did it require to hollow out this cave and all the galleries thereof?"

"Tens of thousands," I answered.

"So, O Holly. This people was an old people before the Egyptians were. A little can I read of their inscriptions, having found the key thereto—and, see here, this was one of the last of the caves that they dug;" and turning to the rock behind her, she motioned the mutes to hold up the lamps. Carven over the dais was the figure of an old man seated in a chair, with an ivory rod in his hand. It struck me that his features were exceedingly like those of the man who was represented as being embalmed in the chamber where we took our meals. Beneath the chair—which, by-the-way, was shaped exactly like the one in which Ayesha had sat to give judgment—was a short inscription in the extraordinary characters of which I have already spoken, but which I do not remember sufficient of to illustrate. It looked more like Chinese writing than any other that I am acquainted with. This inscription Ayesha proceeded, with some difficulty and hesitation, to read aloud and translate. It ran as follows:

"In the year four thousand two hundred and fifty-nine from the founding of the City of Imperial Kôr was this cave (or burial-place) completed by Tisno, King of Kôr, the people thereof and their slaves having labored thereat for three generations, to be a tomb for their citizens of rank who shall come after. May the blessing of the heaven above the heaven rest upon their work, and make the sleep of Tisno, the mighty monarch, the likeness of whose features is graven above, a sound and happy sleep till the day of awakening,* and also the sleep of his servants, and of those of his race who, rising up after him, shall yet lay their heads as low!"

"Thou seest, O Holly," she said, "this people founded the city, of which the ruins yet cumber the plain yonder, four thousand years before this cave was finished. Yet when first I saw it, two thousand years ago, was it even as it is now. Judge, therefore, how old must the place have been! And now follow thou me, and I will show thee after what fashion this great city fell when the time was come for it to fall;" and she led the way down to the centre of the cave, and stopped at a spot where a round rock had been let into a sort of large man-hole in the flooring, accurately filling it just as the iron plates fill the spaces in the London pavements down which the coals are thrown. "Thou seest," she said. "Tell me, what is it?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered; whereon she crossed to the left-hand side of the cave (looking toward the entrance), and bid the mutes hold up the lamps. On the wall something was painted with a red pigment in similar characters to those hewn beneath the sculpture of Tisno, King of Kôr. This she proceeded to translate to me, the pigment still being quite fresh enough to show the form of the letters.

"I, Junis, a priest of the Great Temple of Kôr, write this upon the rock in the year four thousand eight hundred and three from the founding of Kôr. Kôr is fallen. No more shall the mighty feast in her halls; no more shall she rule the world, and her navies go out to commerce with the world. Kôr is fallen; and her mighty works, and all the cities of Kôr, and all the harbors that she built and the canals that she made, are for the wolf and the owl and the wild swan, and the barbarian who comes after. Twenty-and-five moons ago did a cloud settle upon Kôr, and the hundred cities of Kôr, and out of the cloud came a pestilence that slew her people, old and young, one with another, and spared not. One with another they turned black and died—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the man and the woman, the prince and the slave. The pestilence slew and slew, and ceased not by day or by night, and those who escaped from the pestilence were slain of the famine. No longer could the bodies of the children of Kôr be preserved according to the ancient rites, because of the number of the dead; therefore were they hurled into the great pit beneath the cave, through the hole in the cave. Then, at last, a remnant of this the great people, the light of the whole world, went down to the coast and took ship and sailed northward; and now am I, the priest Junis, who write this, the last man left alive of this great city of men, but whether there be any yet left in the other cities I know not. This do I write in misery of heart before I die, because Kôr the Imperial is no more, and because there are none to worship in her temple, and all her palaces are empty, and her princes and her traders and her fair women have passed off the face of the earth."

I gave a sigh of astonishment, the utter desolation depicted in this rude scrawl was so overpowering. It was terrible to think of this solitary survivor of a mighty people recording its fate before he, too, went down into darkness. What must the old man have felt as, in ghastly terrifying solitude, by the light of one lamp feebly illumining a little space of gloom, he in a few brief lines daubed the history of his nation's death upon the cavern wall? What a subject for the moralist, or the painter, or, indeed, for any one who can think!

I followed her on to a side passage opening out of the main cave, then down a great number of steps, and along an underground shaft that cannot have been less than sixty feet beneath the surface of the rock, and was ventilated by curious borings that ran upward, I do not know where. Suddenly the passage ended, and she halted, and bade the mutes hold up the lamps, and I saw such a scene as I am not likely to see again. We were standing in an enormous pit, or rather on the edge of it, for it went down deeper—I don't know how much—than where we were, and was edged in with a low wall of rock. So far as I could judge, the pit was about the size of the space beneath the dome of St. Paul's; and when the lamps were held up I saw that it was nothing but one vast charnel-house, being literally full of thousands of human skeletons, which lay piled up in an enormous gleaming pyramid, formed by the slipping down of the bodies from the apex as fresh ones were dropped in from above. Anything more appalling than this jumbled mass of the remains of a departed race I cannot imagine, and what made it even more dreadful was that in this dry air a good number of the bodies had simply become desiccated with the skin on them, and now, fixed in every conceivable position, stared at one out of the heaps of white bones, grotesquely horrible caricatures of humanity. In my astonishment I made an ejaculation, and the echoes of my voice ringing in the vaulted place disturbed a skull that had been accurately balanced for many thousands of years near the apex of the pile. Down it came with a run, bounding along merrily toward us, and of course bringing an avalanche of other bones after it, till at last the whole place rattled with their movement, as though the skeletons were getting up to greet us.

"Come," I said, "I have seen enough. These are the bodies of those who died of the great sickness, I suppose?" I added, as we turned away.

"Yes. The people of Kôr always embalmed their dead, like the Egyptians, but their art was greater than the art of the Egyptians, because whereas the Egyptians disembowelled and drew the brain, the people of Kôr injected fluid into the veins, and thus reached every part. But stay, thou shalt see," and she halted at hap-hazard at one of the little doorways opening out of the passage along which we were walking, and motioned to the mutes to light us in. We entered into a little chamber similar to the one in which I had slept at our first stopping-place, only there were two stone benches or beds in it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen,* on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered in the course of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep-hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the bodies on the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of the vaults.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

* This phrase is remarkable, as seeming to indicate a belief in a future state.—Editor.

"Lift the cloth up, O Holly," she said, but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege, and to speak the truth I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh at my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also she withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a woman; she might have been thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful. Even now her calm clear-cut features, marked out with delicate black eyebrows and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp upon the ivory face, were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep; and on her arm, its face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the sight, although so awful, that—I confess it without shame—I could scarcely withhold my tears. It took one back across the dim gulf of the ages to some happy home in dead Imperial Kôr, where this winsome lady, girt about with beauty, had lived and died, and, dying, taken her last born with her to the tomb. There they were, mother and babe, the white memories of a forgotten human history speaking more eloquently to the heart than could any written record of their lives. Reverently I replaced the grave-cloths, and with a sigh that flowers so fair should, in the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to be gathered to the grave, I turned to the body on the opposite shelf, and gently unveiled it. It was that of a man in advanced life, with a long grizzled beard, and also robed in white, probably the husband of the lady, who, after surviving her many years, came at last to sleep once more for good and all beside her.

We left the place and entered others. It would be too long to describe the many things I saw in them. Each one had its occupants, for the five hundred and odd years that had elapsed between the completion of the cave and the destruction of the race had evidently sufficed to fill these catacombs, numberless as they were, and each appeared to have been undisturbed since the day that it were laid there. I could fill a book with the description of them, but to do so would only be to repeat what I have said with variations.

"Hast thou seen enough, my stranger guest, or shall I show thee more of the wonders of these tombs that are my palace halls? If thou wilt, I can lead thee to where Tisno, the mightiest and most valorous King of Kôr, in whose day these caves were finished, lies in a pomp that seems to mock at nothingness, and bid the empty shadows of the past do homage to his sculptured vanity."

"I have seen enough, O Queen," I answered. "My feeble breast is overwhelmed by the strength of the present Death. Mortality is weak, and easily broken down by a sense of the companionship that waits upon its end. Take me hence, O Ayesha."

XVII.

THE BALANCE TURNS.

In a few minutes, following the lamps of the mutes, that, held out from the body as a bearer holds water in a vessel, had the appearance of floating down the darkness by themselves, we came to a stair which led us to *She's* anteroom, the same that Billali had crept up upon all fours on the previous day. Here I would have bid the Queen adieu, but she would not.

"Nay," she said, "enter with me, O Holly, for of a truth thy conversation pleaseth me. Think, O Holly: for two thousand years have I had none to converse with save slaves and my own thoughts; and though of all this thinking hath much wisdom come, and many secrets been made plain, yet am I weary of my thoughts, and have come to loathe mine own society, for surely the food that memory gives to eat is bitter to the taste, and it is only with the teeth of hope that we can bear to bite it. Now though thy thoughts are green and tender, as becometh one so young, yet are they those of a thinking brain, and in truth thou dost bring back to my mind certain of those old philosophers with whom in days by-gone I have disputed at Athens and in Arabia, for thou hast the same crabbed air and dusty look, as though thou hadst passed thy days in reading ill-writ Greek, and been stained dark with the grime of manuscripts. So draw the curtain, and sit here by my side, and we will eat fruit, and talk of pleasant things. See, I will again unveil to thee. Thou hast brought it on thyself, O Holly; fairly have I warned thee, and thou shalt call me beautiful, as even those old philosophers were wont to do. Fie upon them, forgetting their philosophy!"

And without more ado she stood up and shook the white wrappings from her, and came forth shining and splendid like some glittering snake when she has cast her slough; ay, and fixed her wonderful eyes upon me—more deadly than any basilisk's—and pierced me through and through with their beauty, and sent her light laugh ringing through the air like chimes of silver bells.

A new mood was on her, and the very color of her mind seemed to change beneath it. It was no longer torture-torn and hateful, as I had seen it when she was cursing her dead rival by the leaping flames, no longer icily terrible, as in the judgment hall, no longer rich and sombre and splendid, like a Tyrian cloth, as in the dwellings of the dead. No; her mood now was that of Aphrodite triumphing. Life—radiant, ecstatic, wonderful—seemed to flow from her and around her. Softly she laughed and sighed, and swift her glances flew. She shook her heavy tresses, and their perfume filled the place; she struck her little sandalled foot upon the floor, and hummed a snatch of some old Greek epithalamium. All the majesty was gone, or did but lurk and faintly flicker through her laughing eyes, like lightning seen through sunlight. She had cast off the terror of the leaping flame, the cold power of judgment that was even now being done, and the wise sadness of the tombs—cast them off and put them behind her, like the white shroud she wore, and now stood out the incarnation of lovely tempting womanhood, made more perfect—and in a way more spiritual—than ever woman was before.

"There, my Holly, sit there where thou canst see me. It is by thine own wish, remember; again I say, blame me not if thou dost spend the rest of thy little span with such a sick pain at the heart that thou wouldst fain have died before ever thy curious eyes were set upon me. There, sit so, and tell me, for in truth I am inclined for praises—tell me, am I not beautiful? Nay, speak not so hastily; consider well the point; take me feature by feature, forgetting not my form, and my hands and feet, and my hair, and the whiteness of my skin, and then tell me truly hast thou ever known a woman who in aught, ay, in one little portion of her beauty, in the curve of an eyelash even, or the modelling of a shell-like ear, is justified to hold a light before my loveliness?"

I could stand it no longer. Then and there I fell upon my knees before her, and told her in a sad mixture of languages—for such moments confuse the thoughts—that I worshipped her as never woman was worshipped, and that I would give my immortal soul to marry her—which at that time I certainly would have done, and so, indeed, would any other man, or all the race of men rolled into one. For the moment she looked a little surprised, and then she began to laugh, and clap her hands in glee.

"Oh, so soon, O Holly!" she said. "I wondered how many minutes it would take to bring thee to thy knees. I have not seen a man kneel before me for so many days, and, believe me, to a woman's heart the sight is sweet; ay, wisdom and length of days take not from that dear pleasure, which is our sex's only right.

"What wouldst thou?—what wouldst thou? Thou dost not know what thou doest. Have I not told thee that I am not for thee? I love but one, and it is not thee. Ah, Holly, for all thy wisdom—and in a way thou art wise—thou art but a fool running after folly. Thou wouldst look into mine eyes; thou wouldst kiss me. Well, if it pleaseth thee, *look*," and she bent herself toward me, and fixed her dark and thrilling orbs upon my own; "ay, and *kiss*, too, if thou wilt, for, thanks be given to the scheme of things, kisses leave no marks, except upon the heart. But if thou dost kiss, I tell thee of a surety wilt thou eat out thy heart with love of me, and die!" and she bent yet further toward me, till her soft hair brushed my brow, and her fragrant breath played upon my face, and made me faint and weak. Then of a sudden, even as I stretched out my arms to clasp, she straightened herself, and a quick change passed over her. Reaching out her hand, she held it over my head, and it seemed to me that something flowed from it that chilled me back to common-sense and a knowledge of propriety and the domestic virtues.

"Enough of this wanton play," she said, with a touch of sternness. "Listen, Holly. Thou art a good and honest man, and I fain would spare thee; but, oh! it is so hard for a woman to be merciful. I have said I am not for thee, therefore let thy thoughts pass by me like an idle wind, and the dust of thy imagination sink again into the depths—well, of despair, if thou wilt. Thou dost not know me, Holly. Hadst thou seen me but ten hours ago, when my passion seized me, thou hadst shrunk from me in fear and trembling. I am a woman of many moods, and, like the water in that vessel, I reflect many things; but they pass, my Holly—they pass, and are forgotten. Only the water is the water still, and I still am I, and that which maketh the water maketh it, and that which maketh me maketh me, nor can my quality be altered. Therefore pay no heed to what I seem, seeing that thou canst not know what I am. If thou troublest me again I will veil myself, and thou shalt behold my face no more."

I rose, and sank on the cushioned couch beside her, yet quivering with emotion, though for a moment my mad passion had left me, as the leaves of a tree quiver still, although the gust be gone that stirred them. I did not dare to tell her that I *had* seen her in that deep and hellish mood, muttering incantations to the fire in the tomb.

"So," she went on, "now eat some fruit; believe me, it is the only true food for man. Oh, tell me of the philosophy of the Hebrew Messiah, who came after me, and who thou sayest doth now rule Rome and Greece and Egypt and the barbarians beyond. It must have been a strange philosophy that He taught, for in my day the people would have naught of our philosophies. Revel and lust and drink, blood and cold steel, and the shock of men gathered in the battle—these were the canons of their creeds."

I had recovered myself a little by now, and, feeling bitterly ashamed of the weakness into which I had been betrayed, I did my best to expound to her the doctrines of Christianity, to which, however, with the single exception of our conception of heaven and hell, I found that she paid but faint attention, her interest being all directed toward the Man who taught them.

"Ah!" she said; "I see—a new religion! I have known so many, and doubtless there have been many more since I knew aught beyond these caves of Kôr. Mankind asks ever of the skies to vision out what lies behind them. It is terror for the end, and but a subtler form of selfishness—this it is that breeds religions. Mark, my Holly, each religion claims the future for its followers, or, at the least, the good thereof. The evil is for those benighted ones who will have none of it, seeing the light the true believers worship, as the fishes see the stars, but dimly. The religions come and the religions pass, and civilizations come and pass, and naught endures but the world and human nature. Ah! if man would but see that hope is from within and not from without—that he himself must work out his own salvation! He is there, and within him is the breath of life, and a knowledge of good and evil, as good and evil are to him. Thereon let him build and stand erect, and not cast himself before the image of some unknown God, modelled like himself, but with a bigger brain to think evil, and a longer arm to do it."

I thought to myself—which shows how old such reasoning is, being, indeed, one of the recurring quantities of theological discussion—that her argument sounded very like some I have heard in the nineteenth century, and in other places than the caves of Kôr, and with which, by-the-way, I personally disagree, but I did not care to try and discuss the question with her. To begin with, my mind was too weary with all the emotions through which I had passed; and in the second place, I knew that I should get the worst of it. It is hard enough to argue with an ordinary materialist, who hurls statistics and whole strata of geological facts at your head, whilst you can only buffet him with deductions and instincts and the snow-flakes of faith, that are, alas, so apt to melt in the hot embers of our troubles. How little chance, then, should I have against one whose brain was supernaturally sharpened, and who had two thousand years of experience, besides all manner of knowledge of the secrets of nature at her command? Feeling that she would be more likely to convert me than I should to convert her, I thought it best to leave the matter alone, and so sat silent. Many a time since then have I bitterly regretted that I did so, for thereby I lost the only opportunity I can remember having had of ascertaining what Ayesha really believed.

"Well, my Holly, art thou tired of me already, that thou dost sit so silent?" she said presently, with a little yawn. "Faithless man! And but half an hour since thou wast upon thy knees—the posture does not suit thee, Holly—swearing that thou didst love me. What shall we do? Nay, I have it. I will come and see this youth, the Lion, as the old man Billali calls him, who came with thee, and who is now so sick. The fever must have run its course by now, and if he is about to die, I will recover him. Fear not, my Holly, I shall use no magic. Have I not told thee that there is no such thing as magic, though there is such a thing as understanding and applying the forces which are in nature? Go now, and presently, when I have made the drug ready, I will follow thee."*

Accordingly I went, only to find Job and Ustane in a great state of grief, and declaring that Leo was in the throes of death, and that they had been searching for me everywhere. I rushed to the couch, and glanced at him: clearly he was dying. He was senseless, and breathing heavily, but his lips were quivering, and every now and again a little shudder ran down his frame. I knew enough of doctoring to see that in another hour he would be beyond the reach of earthly help—perhaps in another five minutes. How I cursed my selfishness, and the folly that had kept me lingering by Ayesha's side while my dear boy lay dying! Alas! and alas! how easily the best of us are lighted down to evil by the gleam of a woman's eyes! What a wicked wretch was I! Actually for the last half-hour I had scarcely thought of Leo, and this, be it remembered, of the man who for twenty years had been my dearest companion, and the one interest of my existence. And now perhaps it was too late!

I wrung my hands and glanced round. Ustane was sitting by the couch, and in her eyes burnt the dull light of despair. Job was blubbering—I am sorry I cannot call his distress by any more delicate word—audibly in the corner. Seeing my eye fixed upon him he went outside to give way to his grief in the passage. Obviously the only hope lay in Ayesha. She, and she alone—unless indeed she was an impostor, which I could not believe—could save him. I would go, and implore her to come. As I started to do so, however, Job came flying into the room, his hair literally standing on end with terror.

"Oh, God help us, sir!" he ejaculated in a frightened whisper, "here's a corpse coming sliding down the passage!"

For a moment I was puzzled, but presently, of course, it struck me that he must have seen Ayesha, wrapped in her grave-like garment, and been deceived by the extraordinary undulating smoothness of her walk into a belief that she was a white ghost gliding toward him. Indeed, at that very moment the question was settled, for Ayesha herself was in the apartment, or rather cave. Job turned and saw her sheeted form, and then, with a convulsive howl of "Here it comes!" sprang into a corner, and jammed his face against the wall, and Ustane, guessing whose the dread presence must be, prostrated herself upon her face.

"Thou comest in a good time, Ayesha," I said, "for my boy lies at the point of death."

"So," she said, softly; "provided he be not dead, it is no matter, for I can bring him back to life, my Holly. Is that man there thy servant? and is that the method wherewith thy servants greet strangers in thy country?"

"He is frightened of thy garb; it hath a death-like air," I answered.

She laughed.

"And the girl? Ah, I see now. It is she of whom thou didst speak to me. Well, bid them both to leave us, and we will see to this sick Lion of thine. I love not that underlings should perceive my wisdom."

Thereon I told Ustane in Arabic and Job in English both to leave the room—an order which the latter obeyed readily enough, and was glad to obey, for he could not in any way subdue his fear. But it was otherwise with Ustane.

"What does *She* want?" she whispered, divided between her fear of the terrible Queen and her anxiety to remain near Leo. "It is surely the right of a wife to be near her husband when he dieth. Nay, I will not go, my lord the Baboon."

"Why doth not that woman leave us, my Holly?" asked Ayesha, from the other end of the cave, where she was engaged in carelessly examining some sculptures on the wall.

"She doth not like to leave Leo," I answered, not knowing what to say. Ayesha wheeled round, and pointing to the girl Ustane, said one word, and one only, but it was quite enough, for the tone in which it was said meant volumes.

"Go!"

And sullenly Ustane crept past her on her hands and knees, and went.

"Thou seest, my Holly," said Ayesha, with a little laugh, "it was time that I gave these people a lesson in obedience. The girl went nigh to disobeying me, but then she did not learn this morning how I treat the disobedient. Well, she has gone; and now let me see the youth;" and she glided toward the couch on which Leo lay, with his face in the shadow and turned to the wall.

"He hath a noble shape," she said as she bent over him to look upon his face.

Next second her tall and willowy form was staggering back across the room, as though she had been shot or stabbed, staggering back till at last she struck the cavern wall, and then there burst from her lips the most awful and unearthly scream that I ever heard in all my life.

"What is it, Ayesha?" I cried. "Is he dead?"

She turned, and sprang toward me like a tigress.

"Thou dog!" she said, in her terrible whisper, which sounded like the hiss of a snake; "why didst thou hide this from me?" and she stretched out her arm, and I thought she was going to slay me.

"What?" I ejaculated, in the most lively terror—"what?"

"Ah!" she said, "perchance thou didst not know. Learn, my Holly, learn; there lies—there lies my lost Kallikrates. Kallikrates, who has come back to me at last, as I knew he would—as I knew he would;" and she began to sob and to laugh, and generally to go on like any other lady who is a little upset, murmuring "Kallikrates, Kallikrates."

"Nonsense," thought I to myself, but I did not like to say it; and, indeed, at that moment I was thinking of Leo's life, having forgotten everything else in that terrible anxiety. What I feared now was that he should die whilst she was "carrying on."

"Unless thou canst help him, Ayesha," I put in, by way of a reminder, "thy Kallikrates will soon be far beyond thy calling. Surely he dieth even now."

"True," she said, with a start. "Oh, why did I not come before! I am unnerved—my hand trembles, even mine—and yet it is very easy. Here, thou Holly, take this phial," and she produced a tiny jar of pottery from the folds of her garment, "and pour the liquid in it down his throat. It will cure him if he be not dead. Swift! now, swift! the man dies!"

I glanced toward him; it was true enough, Leo was in his death-struggle. I saw his poor face turning ashen, and the breath began to rattle in his throat. The phial was stoppered with a little piece of wood. I drew it with my teeth, and a drop of the fluid within flew upon my tongue. It had a sweet flavor, and for a second made my head swim and a mist gather before my eyes, but happily the effect passed away as swiftly as it had arisen.

When I reached Leo's side he was plainly expiring—his golden head was slowly turning from side to side, and his mouth was slightly open. I called to Ayesha to hold his head, and this she managed to do, though the woman was quivering from head to foot, like an aspen leaf or a startled horse. Then, forcing the jaw a little more open, I poured the contents of the phial into his mouth. Instantly a little vapor arose from it, as happens when one disturbs nitric acid, and this sight did not increase my hopes, already faint enough, of the efficacy of the treatment.

One thing, however, was certain, the death-throes ceased—at first I thought because he had got beyond them, and crossed the awful river. His face turned a livid pallor, and his heart-beats, which had been feeble enough before, seemed to die away altogether—only the eyelid still twitched a little. In my doubt I looked up at Ayesha, whose head-wrapping had slipped back in her excitement when she went reeling across the room. She was still holding Leo's head, and with a face as pale as his watching his countenance with such an expression of agonized anxiety as I have never seen before. Clearly she did not know if he would live or die. Five minutes passed, and I saw that she was abandoning hope; her lovely oval face seemed to fall in and grow visibly thinner beneath the pressure of a mental agony, whose pencil drew black lines about the hollows of her eyes. The coral faded even from her lips, till they were as white as Leo's face, and quivered pitifully. It was shocking to see her; even in my own grief I felt for hers.

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* All the linen that the Amahagger wore was taken from the tombs, which accounted for its yellow hue. If it was well washed, however, and properly bleached, it acquired its former snowy whiteness, and was the softest and best linen I ever saw.—L. H. H.

* Ayesha was a great chemist; indeed, chemistry appears to have been her only amusement and occupation. She had one of the caves fitted up as a laboratory, and although her appliances were necessarily rude, the results that she attained were, as will become clear in the course of this narrative, sufficiently surprising.—L. H. H.

"Is it too late?" I gasped.

She hid her face in her hands, and made no answer, and I, too, turned away. But as I did so I heard a deep-drawn breath, and looking down perceived a line of color creeping up Leo's face, then another and another, and then—wonder of wonders!—the man we had thought dead turned over on his side.

"Thou seest," I said, in a whisper.

"I see," she answered, hoarsely. "He is saved. I thought we were too late; another moment—one little moment more—and he had been gone!" and she burst into an awful flood of tears, sobbing as though her heart would break, and yet managing to look lovelier than ever, as she did it. At last she ceased.

"Forgive me, my Holly—forgive me for my weakness," she said. "Thou seest, after all, I am a very woman. Think—now think of it. This morning didst thou speak of the place of torment appointed by this new religion of thine. Hell or Hades thou didst call it—a place where the vital essence lives and retains an individual memory, and where all the errors and faults of judgment and unsatisfied passions and the unsubstantial terrors of the mind wherewith it hath at any time had to do come to mock and haunt and gibe and wring the heart forever and forever with the vision of its own hopelessness. Thus, even thus, have I lived for two thousand years—for some sixty generations, as ye reckon time—in a Hell, as thou callest it—tormented by the memory of a crime, tortured day and night with an unfulfilled desire—without companionship, without comfort, without death, and led on only down my dreary road by the marsh lights of Hope, which, though they flickered here and there, and now glowed strong, and now were not, yet, as my skill told me, would one day lead unto my deliverer.

And then—think of it still, O Holly, for never shalt thou hear such another tale, or see such another scene, nay, not even if I give thee ten thousand years of life—and thou shalt have it in payment if thou wilt—think: at last my deliverer came—he whom I had watched and waited for through the generations—at the appointed time he came to seek me, as I knew he must come, for my wisdom could not err, though I knew not when or how. Yet see how ignorant I was! See how small my knowledge, and how faint my strength! For hours he lay here sick unto death, and I felt it not—I who had waited for him for two thousand years—I knew it not. And then at last I see him, and behold, my chance is gone but by a hair's-breadth even before I had it, for he is in the very jaws of death, whence no power of mine can draw him. And if he die, surely must the Hell be lived through once more—once more must I face the weary centuries, and wait and wait till time in its fulness shall bring my beloved back to me. And then thou gavest him the medicine, and that five minutes dragged along before I knew if he would live or die, and I tell thee that all the sixty generations that are gone were not so long as that five minutes. But they passed at last, and still he showed no sign, and I knew that if the drug works not then, it, so far as I have had knowledge, works not at all. Then thought I that he was once more dead, and all the tortures of all the years gathered themselves into a single venomed spear, and pierced me through and through, because once again I had lost Kallikrates! And then, when all was done, behold! he sighed, behold! he lived, and I knew that he would live, for none die on whom the drug takes hold. Think of it now, my Holly—think of the wonder of it! He will sleep for twelve hours, and then the fever will have left him!"

And then she stopped, and laid her hand upon the golden head, and then bent down and kissed the brow with a chastened abandonment of tenderness that would have been beautiful to behold had not the sight cut me to the heart—for I was jealous!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THANKSGIVING—OUR COUNTRY.

Thanksgiving is the natural expression of a nation's gratitude—an impulse that springs from general content; and it is the good fortune of our country that it has never wanted occasions of grateful rejoicing. Its whole history has been a successful progress. The founding of the Constitution in 1789 gave it at once an unequalled impulse. Within twenty years New York became a great commercial metropolis, and the thin line of settlements that had formed the colonial confederation began to press swiftly over the wilderness to the Mississippi. It was the laboring classes and the working-men that first found their true home under the flag of freedom. Jefferson and Franklin were never weary of contrasting the happy condition of the industrious in their own country with the suffering, toil-worn peasants of France and England.

With wonderful strides the country, under its new Constitution, moved onward in its ceaseless improvement. From 1800 to 1820 it was always the most fortunate of nations. A war ravaged its coasts and decimated its people: it sprang up again into new life. Its example gave hope to the laboring classes of Europe: the tide of emigration began that has since risen to proportions greater than was ever known among men. The wilderness began to disappear, the great States of the centre were founded, Ohio and Illinois invited the immigrant, and Missouri claimed a place among the congeries of States. Again danger hung over the people, and the question of slavery threatened us with destruction. But knowledge and good sense triumphed. Slavery was limited by the Missouri Compromise, and at once free labor began to pour into the fair lands consecrated to industry and human equality. From 1820 to 1840 the Free States of the North were teeming with life and energy: the happiness of millions seemed assured.

Soon the question of slavery assumed new dangers, and the fate of labor in Europe and America hung on its solution. It was the cause of labor against the tyrants in every land, and human slavery and human despotism were to live or die together. They met their fair foe in a dreadful contest. But the victory of freedom determined the world's destiny. Once more thanksgivings went up from hopeful hearts, and the men of labor everywhere began to move over the peaceful West. From 1865 the tide of immigration swept over the Mississippi to the Pacific. Great States and Territories sprang up, more powerful than European kingdoms. Nebraska and Kansas led the way. Countless happy homes covered the fleeting solitude. The hapless children of Europe found hope and plenty in the newly ransomed lands.

It is for this that we give thanks, that our country is still, as in the time of Jefferson and Franklin, the most fortunate of nations — the home of honest labor. It is the most fortunate land the sun ever shone upon. Sad history can only point to the suffering millions of the past—to the serfs of the Middle Ages or the slavery of early Persia, Greece, or Rome. It is quite certain that the great majority of our people live in plenty and have sufficient employment; and above all it is certain that the minds of our people are everywhere cultivated, and taught in the common schools the leading elements of knowledge. What the ancient republics ever wanted and perished in their need, what Europe has painfully labored for with little success, we have found in the general intelligence spread by the public schools. Against this bulwark slavery dashed itself to pieces; against this safeguard of industry, property, and good order anarchy rages in vain.

We have laid the foundations of our government and national prosperity in knowledge; we are still in the infancy of progress; we have still to provide good government for our cities, and cultivate our lands with successful skill; we are to provide for the welfare of those who labor, and see that all the industrious are cared for and protected; we are to spread a universal equality in promoting the general ease.

It is this happy prospect that lies before us. We may employ our leisure in devising a thousand schemes for promoting the welfare of every citizen. We may give to the world an example of peaceful progress that shall win its tenderest regard. It was said of a Roman emperor that he was "the love and delight of the human race." Such should be the fame of our transatlantic freedom. And it is for the possibility of such a future that we give thanks and rejoice.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE GERMAN DOCTOR'S STORY.

[Where and how I heard this story is of no consequence. I have given it as nearly as possible in the Doctor's own words.]

When I was already about to matriculate at Heidelberg my father died, and I then discovered that he was a bankrupt. At the same time arrived a letter from my uncle in the United States, who had made for himself a competency in the grocery trade. He offered, if I would emigrate, to pay my expenses in a Western medical college. I accepted this offer with joy, for to me, as likewise to many young Germans of the *Bürger* class, the Eldorado is America—"the land of the free and the home of the brave"—where no proud Herr Baron Hofgeheimrath dares look down upon and have a contempt for the toiling one, and where fame and fortune await the capable.

Even so, at first, in the college which I entered, everything was for me most pleasing; for while some of the students were of the wealthy, others, like me, had little enough, and still all associated delightfully together. I knew the English language already quite well, and soon had friends. One of the wealthy appreciated me much—he was "sehr gemüthlich" (one cannot translate *that* into the English), and we became what you call "chums." The chum, learning how little I had wherewithal to support existence, proposed that I should give lessons in the German language. He became the first pupil, and soon found more for me, and one of these was a fashionable young lady. Her name—but no, I shall not discover it. Let it suffice for me to say that she lived in a magnificent house, and she by herself was also magnificent.

The chum was very intimate with the family, for he and the brother willingly associated together, so he accompanied me to the house for an introduction. The interior of the mansion was truly as magnificent as the exterior, and already we had been kept waiting in the parlor for some time when—*ach, Himmel!*—a little creature, an Undine, tripped into the room. To me she seemed about eighteen years old, and she was attired in a black velvet dress with a train just as long as her beautiful body, and around her small head the light golden hair waved to take from me my wits, and set my senses in a whirl, and her lily white complexion and the rose-buds of her lips, and her eyes so— I say no more; already I become foolish; the recollection alone is too much.

Judge, then, what the living, the smiling, the glowing reality must have been.

Before I could assemble myself the chum had introduced me to the radiant one, as she was extending to me her shy, shrinking, half-timid left hand. Somewhat reluctant I felt to receive it in my broad palm, and when I touched the slender lily-white finger-tips, a thrill, a shudder, fearful but also delicious, pervaded my members, and then the small hand fluttered back like a little bird. *Mein Herz! mein Herz!* why tremblest thou even yet also!

Moreover, when we had made the arrangement, she, the laughing one, admonished me that "she would not half the time know her lessons," and when I said I would do for her my best, replied that with her for a pupil, *that* would not be much.

And she had right. It was more than half the time that she did not learn her lessons for me. And also often would she with irritation cast away the book, exclaiming: "Of this stupid thing we have had enough. Let us talk."

And I, the accursed one, even also forgetting that I was receiving the salary for lessons which I gave not, already blinded by her sparkling eyes, willingly delighted to observe the *himmlische* smile of the radiant one, to hear the ripple of the laughing voice in the for her insufficient German, and she called me "*du.*"

Ach! you Americans cannot understand the delight when a beautiful maiden calls you "*du,*" because you have discontinued from your speech that divine distinction which arrives from the proper use and employment of "thou" and "you."

But for me, who had never in my loveless life been called "*du*" by any maiden, this was overwhelming, and by it was I utterly destroyed; for to me—to me, the poor medical student, the Love had appeared, not gradually, not rational, but wild, fierce, sudden, like the cyclone of your Western prairies, casting every thought, every proper judgment, into one endless, one hopeless ruin; for from that first time when she had to me appeared I worshipped her; and truly was I the fool. So irrational was I that I also, moreover, imagined that she too had love for *me—me,* the imbecile one. Without number were the gallant compliments I spoke; and she seemed to "take them all as a matter of course," as you say, and so encouraged me to proceed. Likewise there was in her a somewhat, a power, which compelled a man to speak, to act, to be, to remain—a fool!

And *her* words—*ach!* verily was I insane—her words they might mean anything (for truly a clever coquette she was), and *natürlich* I, the fool, construed and arranged them agreeable to myself.

And even so went it on. She seemed to enjoy herself much at these lessons, and many hours her smile and laugh made light and music in my deepest soul; with its ever-changing but delectable expression flitted her face before me, and also came between my eyes and the medical books; by the day she haunted for me my thoughts; by the night she was my only dream; and so constant was she by me that scarce could I discriminate sleeping from waking. I walked upon the air.

Often I thought that death would be more excellent for me than to be silent in my love; but yet, whensoever I would advance to the expressing of my feeling, quick changed she the conversation. How, I know not; but it was wonderful, wonderful.

"*Ach!*" thought I; "it is her lovely maiden modesty which opposes the avowal of this, the deepest, the truest affection of her spirit." For already would I rather have doubted the truths of science than the thought that she loved me not.

Endlich, at the termination of one of our meetings—lessons I dare not call them—I broke forth, fierce and wild: "*Liebchen*, to me thou art more than life. Lovest thou me?"

She seemed surprised. She hesitated, but still she smiled. The chum entered the room. He was my best friend, and well I knew it, but *then*—willingly would I have committed him to eternal torments. Said he, "I have waited with the brother until lesson was over, so that I might walk home with you."

Natürlich I dared not stay and place *mein Liebchen* in an uneasy position, for she would say nothing. So I rose and departed; but as I passed through the door, I turned and threw upon her a loving glance. She sat with averted head, and her lovely form quivered.

"*Ja wohl!*" thought I, "the rush of unexperienced feelings over the virgin soul has quenched all utterance. *Süsses Kindchen!*"

Impatient I awaited the next lesson. She entered the room with a changed face, and in it I thought I beheld deep sorrow. She carried a purse.

"My lessons I must discontinue," she said, in a strange and to me hitherto unknown voice. "Will you please make out the bill?"

I felt as though I were stricken by a flash of lightning. I could not understand. I began to say somewhat, when in the hall I heard a footstep.

"We are watched," thought I. "The cruel parents, irrespective of her feelings, have forced her to do this unkind thing. They will have nothing of my love for her."

And then, like an idle dream, for me all the glory of America faded, and it was no longer "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." As it is in Germany, so it was here—the same undignified sacrifice of the pure, the innocent maiden. The parents evidently intended her for a brutal and wealthy husband for whom she could not have love. Truly it was power and money that ruled. But *my* soul would be unconquerable. I would not abdicate my claims to the purse-proud aristocrat.

I computed that which was due to me, and handed her the bill. Silent, she paid it.

"May I call upon thee yet once in a while?" I asked.

I would have spoken this even were there five hundred parents outside for me with cocked revolvers waiting.

"Yes, if you want to," replied the little one.

Then I, departing, saw no one. It was *im wunderschönen Monat Mai.* "How sad she must feel," thought I, "disjoined from her beloved, and forced to behold men whom she abhors! Freer truly am I, for I dare exclude myself from all other women and think only on her." And so to me she became an imploring face, looking, praying for assistance.

Some time I awaited, until the parents might be away from their guard, and then advanced to the house. I was shown into the parlor by the servant who received my card, and in a minute already returned with the word that she (*mein Liebchen*) "wished to be excused."

"Truly the parents are vigilant," I ruminated. "Said they even that she was not at home? No, no; *me* they intend to annihilate."

More than ever was I determined not to be subdued. Again I entered the house. The event was even as before; and several times likewise was I disappointed, but not disheartened, for I was sure that she loved me just as I loved her.

Endlich—it was a lovely summer evening. Open wide were the windows on the first floor. Within I heard her singing a little *Volkslied* which I had taught her in the blissful lesson days. It was "Wenn ich ein Vögelein wär'."

"She still thinks on me," I thought; "for me she still suffers from the pride and worldliness of her parents."

I looked into the windows; she was alone at the piano, her back turned. *Ach, wonne!* I would surprise *mein Liebchen.* Soft I entered, but exactly when I was just about to enfold her in my loving arms, the sound of my footsteps arrived to her, and she turned and saw me also. My purpose she must have divined, for, with an exclamation of surprise, she sprang away.

At her feet I fell.

"Come, *Liebchen, mein Schatz;* fly with me. I come to save thee."

"What does this mean, sir?" she cried, extending her little figure up to its greatest height, and throwing back her head so disdainful. *Mein Gott!* she resembled a queen. Even now also I see her—*wunderschön Mädchen!*

"Grant to me thy pardon, *Liebchen;* but for thee I have so much love, and thou for me—"

She interrupted me with a merry laugh, which pierced my soul like a hot iron. Never, never will I forget the words she then said. In my brain they are still ringing.

"You really believed that *I* loved *you!* It's too good for anything! You even supposed that my *cruel* parents were compelling me to give you up! Have you not been in this country long enough to know that American girls manage their own affairs? I *did* wonder why you were so persistent in calling when I was excused so regularly. A hint, then, means nothing to a German."

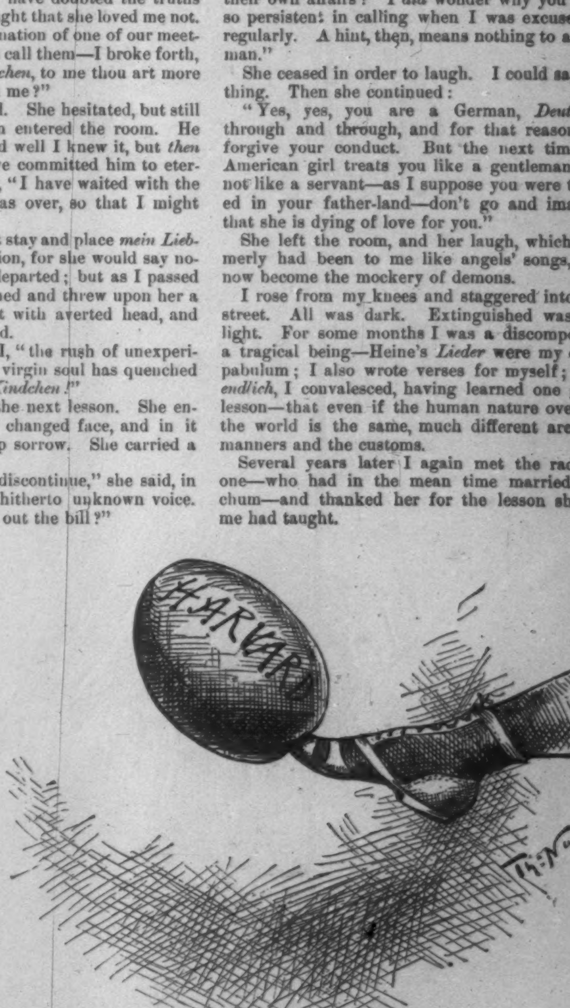
She ceased in order to laugh. I could say nothing. Then she continued:

"Yes, yes, you are a German, *Deutscher* through and through, and for that reason I'll forgive your conduct. But the next time an American girl treats you like a gentleman and not like a servant—as I suppose you were treated in your father-land—don't go and imagine that she is dying of love for you."

She left the room, and her laugh, which formerly had been to me like angels' songs, was now become the mockery of demons.

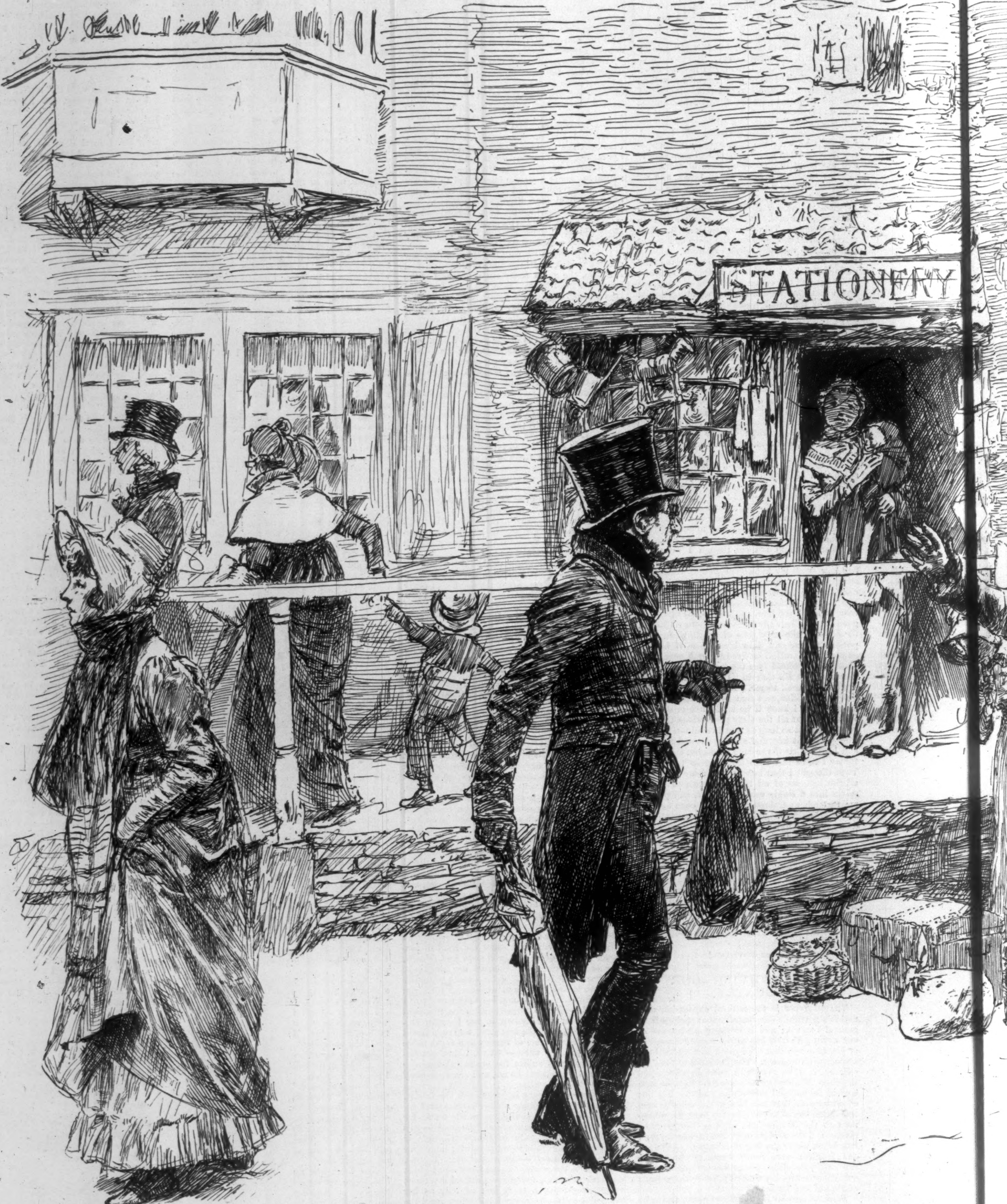
I rose from my knees and staggered into the street. All was dark. Extinguished was my light. For some months I was a discomposed, a tragical being—Heine's *Lieder* were my daily pabulum; I also wrote verses for myself; but, *endlich*, I convalesced, having learned one good lesson—that even if the human nature over all the world is the same, much different are the manners and the customs.

Several years later I again met the radiant one—who had in the mean time married the chum—and thanked her for the lesson she to me had taught.



ONE GOOD KICK DESERVES ANOTHER.

O'er *Harvard's* sands the far reflections steal,
Where mighty *Princeton* stamped *her iron*—TOE.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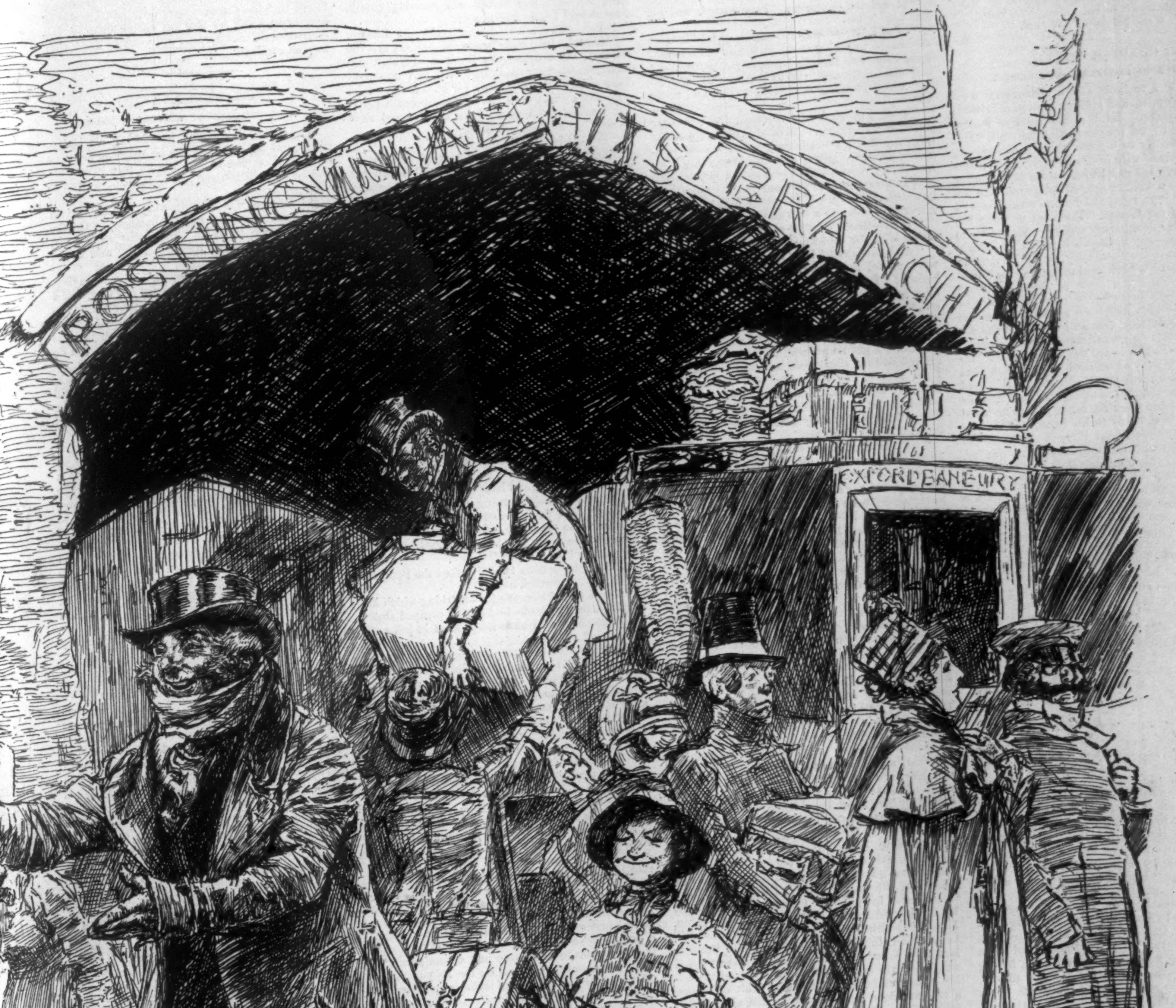
POSTING INN ALL ITS BRANCH
EXFORD BANBURY
E. A. Abbey 1886

—Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey.

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW BESS RECOVERED HER SENSES.

WOMAN is a variable and a changeable creature. Many poets and philosophers have insisted upon this maxim. Mr. Westmoreland, as well as Socrates, had good reason to feel the truth of it, and could testify to it from his own experience, under the rule of wife first, and of daughter afterward; though the capricious nature of the latter empress was a kind of heaven compared with the clapper-clawings, rubs, and buffets which marked the reign of the former. The next morning the Penman came down-stairs meekly resigned to do the daily necessary house-work, which his daughter should have done—namely, to lay his desk in order for the day's work, find something for breakfast, and, toward the hour of noon, interrupt his calculations in order to prepare dinner of some kind—which had been his lot for the last two months—in fact, though he had not the wit to connect the two events, ever since the return of the Lieutenant on board the French prize. He was therefore truly astonished when he saw that the room was already swept clean and tidy, a coal fire lit, for the autumn morning was cold, and his breakfast set out upon the table, just as he loved to have his food, ready to his hand, without any thought or trouble about it, both plenty as regards quantity and pleasing as regards quality. More than this, his daughter Bess was busy with a duster among his papers—no one but Bess knew how to take up a sheet of paper, dust the desk about and under it, and lay it down again in its place. She wore a white apron, her sleeves were turned up above her elbows, and she was going about her work steadily and quietly, as if nothing at all had happened. More, again, when she saw her father, she smiled and saluted him. Now she had not smiled or said a single gracious thing to him for two months and more.

"Come, father," she said, "take your breakfast while the beer is fresh and hath still a head. The cask is wellnigh out, and I must have another brew. The knuckle of pork has got some good cuts left yet; as for the bread, it is dry, because it is baker's bread, and last week's baking. But to-morrow you shall have some new home-made."

This was a very strange and remarkable change. Nothing at all had happened to make her happier. On the contrary, her lover was certainly going to marry Castilla, and he was going away: her affairs were as hopeless as they could well be. Yet now her soul was calm! It may be that one cannot go on forever at a white heat of wrath; but some have been known to brood over their wrongs all the days of their lives. Her soul was calm. That was the change which had fallen upon her. Her eyes were no longer fierce, and her cheek was no more alternately flaming red and deathly white. Nor did her lips move continually as if she were vehemently reproaching some one. Her face was soft again. She told me afterward, speaking humbly and meekly, that when she had tried to curse her unfaithful lover, her lips refused; and when she had tried to murder him—her heart failing her at the last—the words that she said to him, namely, that she would seek no more to harm him, and would think no more of him with bitterness, feeling assured that God would bring the thing home to him in such a way as would touch him most surely—these words seemed as if they were whispered in her ears or put into her mouth; and then suddenly, as she uttered them, all the rage and madness which had torn her for two months left her, and peace fell upon her heart. Those who please may put upon this confession any other meaning; for my own part, I can see but one. What that interpretation is I leave to the reader.

Mr. Westmoreland, however, when he observed this change, fell to shaking and shivering, betraying in his looks the most vivid apprehensions. The reason of this phenomenon was that in the old days before his wife ran away from him—Bess during the last two months had in other respects greatly resembled her mother as to temper—whenever a domestic storm of greater fury than usual was brewing, it was always preceded by a period of unusual activity in the house, with a strange and unnatural zeal for cleanliness and tidiness. The memory of this fact, and of the terrible storms which afterward used to break over the poor Penman's head, caused this awakening of terror. Was Bess in this respect also going to take after her mother?

"Child," he stammered, "what—what—what in Heaven's name hath happened to thee? Have I wronged thee in any way? Tell me, Bess, only tell me, what have I done to thee?"

"Why, father, nothing. I have been ill lately. Now I am better. Sit down and take your breakfast. For dinner you shall have something better than cold knuckle of pork."

He obeyed, wondering and distrustful.

"I've been ill of late, father," she repeated; "and you've been neglected and uncomfortable. It's my fault that the room was this morning up to my ankles in dust and dirt. But I've been very ill, and couldn't do anything but think of the pains in my head."

"Well, Bess," he replied, rallying a little, "to be sure you've been a bit—so to speak—haughty for the last two months. It came on, I remember, about the time when the Lieutenant came home."

"It was about that time, father. Two months ago I first began to have these dreadful pains in the head."

"If it was toothache, you should have gone to Mr. Brinjes and had it out. If it was tic, there's nothing to help it but a charm. But why not ask Mr. Brinjes to charm it away?"

"It was not toothache. I dare say it was tic. But now it has almost gone."

"Was it, Bess—was it"—he dropped his voice—"was it anything to do with Aaron Fletcher? Sometimes I've thought there might have been a love disappointment. Was it Aaron Fletcher?"

"Aaron Fletcher is nothing to me, and never will be."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, Bess, because Aaron is a bad man—a man of violence; a crafty man, my dear; a headstrong man; a man without virtue or religion; and an unforgiving man as well. I've watched Aaron, man and boy, since he was born. Aaron will end badly. Of late he has been drinking, and his business is broken up. Aaron will come to a bad end."

"Well—that's enough said about me, father. Go on with the cold knuckle."

"And now shall I hear thee singing about thy work again, Bess? and laughing again, just as before? It does my old heart good to hear thee sing and laugh. Nay, that doth never put me out, though I be struggling with the sine and tangent, and even with the versed sine. 'Tis when I hear thee weep and groan, and when to all my questions I get no answer, and when thine eyes are red and thy cheek pale, and when all day long I see thee sitting neglectful and careless—'tis then, my dear, that the figures swim before my eyes and the result comes all wrong. 'Tis then that if I try to write, my flourishes are shaky, and the finials lack firmness."

"Nay, father," she replied, "I fear I shall not laugh and sing again all my life. The kind of tic which I have had takes away the power of laughing and the desire for singing. But I hope never again to be so troubled."

"Alas!" said her father, "I would I were a preacher, so that I could exhort women to good temper. Sometimes when the learned and pious Vicar is expounding the wisdom of the Chaldees—which is, no doubt, a most useful subject for the Church to consider—I venture to think that a word might be spared on the sins of temper and on the hasty tongue and the striking hand. Truly, for my own part, in all things but one have I been singularly blessed, yea, above my fellow-creatures. For I have a house convenient and weather-tight; I belong to the one true Church, being neither a Papist nor a Schismatic; I am assured of my salvation, through no merits of mine own; I am not of lofty station, but obscure, yet not of the vilest herd; I live sufficiently, and, when my daughter pleases to exercise her skill of housewifery, with toothsomeness; no man envies me, and I have no enemies; 'tis true my shoulders are round and I am weak of arm; but what of that? To crown all, I have been endowed by beneficent Providence with the love of divine mathematics and the gift of fine penmanship, so that in my work, whether I copy, or engross, or write letters, or work out logarithms, or consider the theses, lemmas, corollaries, problems, and curious questions advanced by ingenious professors of the exact sciences, I live all day long in continual happiness. I would not change my lot for any other, save and except for one thing. I am filled with pride, which I hope is not sinful, because it is in gratitude for the gifts of Heaven. But there is one thing, my child. I have wanted no blessing in this life, which to many of my fellow-creatures is, for no seeming fault of theirs, a vale of misery and of tears. But, alas! I still found my comfort spoiled by the temper of thy mother while she remained with me. And I feared, Bess—I say that I feared lest thou might also take after her, and so the scoldings, the peevishness, the discontent, and the violence might begin again. I am not so young as I was then, and I doubt whether I could endure that misery again."

"Fear nothing, father. Why, whenever did I ask or do aught to make you think that I should upbraid you? As for my temper, I will try to govern myself. Fear nothing, father. To-day you shall have as good a dinner as you can desire, to make up for the past shortcomings. What will you have?" She spoke so gently and softly that her father was quite reassured, and plucked up his courage.

"Well, child, since thou art in so happy a disposition—Lord, grant that it continue!—I would choose, if I may, a hodgepodge, with an onion pie. They are the two things, as thou knowest well, which most I love. With hodgepodge, onion pie, and a merry heart, a man may make continual feast."

It was not a merry heart that returned to poor Bess, but it was the outward seeming or show of cheerfulness which not only returned, but remained with her, so that she now listened to her father's garrulous prattle with apparent interest, and gratified his love of good feeding by toothsome dishes, of which there was no more notable compounder than herself. This day especially she regaled him with a most excellent hodgepodge, in itself a dish fit for a king, and also with an onion pie—a thing counted dainty by those of a strong digestion, though to some who have a delicate stomach it may be thought of too coarse a flavor, being composed of potatoes, onions, apples, and eggs, disposed in layers in a deep pie dish, and covered over with a light crust of flour and suet.

While Bess was engaged in the preparation of this banquet the Barber came running across the road, as was his wont when the morning business was completed, and he had any news of importance to communicate. For the spread of news at Deptford is in this way: first it is whispered at the Barber's shop; then it is whispered by the Barber to his customers and his cronies; and next it is carried by them in all directions around the town.

"Have you heard the news, friend Westmoreland?" he asked, with the air of one who is the possessor of an important secret.

"Why," Mr. Westmoreland replied, "since I have not seen you before this morning, gossip, how should I hear any news?"

"You will be astonished," said the Barber. "Those who hold their heads the highest fall the soonest. One whom you know well, friend, and have known long, is broke. Ay, you may well look surprised and ask who it is. He is broke who but a short time ago was master of a thriving business, and seemed as if he would save money."

"Who is it, then?"

"I have myself suspected a great while what would happen. For, thank Heaven! I can see as far as most men, and can put two and two together, and am no babbler of secrets, but keep them to myself, or talk of them with my friends over a pipe of tobacco and a glass, being a discreet person. Wherefore, when I heard of certain accidents, and saw in what a spirit they were received, I made up my mind what would happen."

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Westmoreland, when this garrulous person had partly talked himself out of breath.

"It is a man whom you know well; and Bess here knows him very well too."

"If, Mr. Skipworth," said Bess, "you would tell my father your news, we could then talk about it afterward."

"Why, then, Aaron Fletcher is broke. That is the first news. Since the burning of his yard he hath done no work, not even to putting up some shed and carrying on the business. What were we to think of that? When he went privateering he made but little prize-money, but had quickly to come home again. Therefore he hath been living on his stock, and hath now come to an end, and is broke. This morning he was to have been arrested. The writs are out for him, and the officers came to seek him, with intent to take him to the Marshalsea, where his case would have been tried at the Palace Court."

"Would have been tried?" asked the Penman. "Is it not to be tried, then?"

"I said *would*, because for one thing which his creditors thought not of—he hath escaped them. Otherwise he would have languished in jail until his death."

Here the Barber wanted to be asked further what was that happy incident which enabled Aaron to 'scape prison; for one who is a retailer of news loves not to expend it all at a breath, but must still keep some back.

"His father," he continued, "was a substantial man, and saved money, which the son has spent. He inherited, besides the building yard, a good business, and a fast smack, the *Willing Mind*, for his trade across the Channel. Now the smack is lost, the yard is burned, the business is ruined, and the money is spent."

"An idle fellow," said Mr. Westmoreland; "a fellow who loved not work. But how hath he escaped his creditors?"

"He will not go to prison; for in the night, we now learn from certain authority, he walked over to Woolwich, where he hath enlisted in the Marines, and so is beyond the reach of his creditors, who cannot now arrest him. So he escapes the prison, and exchanges the Marshalsea for a man-o'-war. Maybe 'tis better to be killed by a cannon-shot than to be starved in a debtor's jail."

So, after more reflections on the folly of young men, and the certain end of laziness and extravagance—which have been put more concisely by King Solomon the Wise—the Barber returned to his shop; and before noon every one in Deptford had heard the surprising news of Aaron's fall.

This intelligence made Bess tremble, thinking on the madness of the last night, when this young man was so desperate, being now assured that he was bankrupt, that he was ready to commit a murder, caring little whether he was found out and hanged, or no; and she herself was so desperate in her wrath and jealousy that she was ready to commit murder in order to prevent another woman's happiness. Why, what would be the condition of that guilty pair now were Jack lying dead? Since, however, Aaron was bankrupt, it was now certain that he had already resolved to go away and enlist in the Marines when he came to her and proposed the crime; and that he intended to leave the dreadful secret of the murder, had it been committed, to herself alone—a burden greater than she could bear.

For Aaron, 'twas the only way of escape, to 'list in one of his Majesty's regiments. Naturally he chose the Marines as the branch belonging to the sea. To carry a musket on board a King's ship, after being a Lieutenant in a privateer, not to speak of commanding the *Willing Mind*, is to come down in the world indeed. Yet that he cared for little, considering the alternative of a debtor's prison, terrible to all, but most terrible to a man who, like Aaron, had spent all his life in the open air; and most certainly it is better for the country that a stout and active fellow should be fighting her battles than that he should be laid by the heels in a prison doing nothing. Mark, however, what followed. Aaron walked to Woolwich that night, where there is a depot for Marines, which in that war represented twenty-five companies. He enlisted in the morning. When they began to teach him his drill it was found that he already knew as much as is expected of any recruit when he is passed for service. Therefore he was, with others, marched to Chatham ready for embarkation. There are many remarkable coincidences in this history, but there is none more remarkable than the fact that Aaron should have been shipped as a Marine on board the very ship, the *Calypso*, of which the man he had tried to murder was Commander. This circumstance, with the consequences which followed, I can regard as nothing but providentially ordered.

When Aaron discovered who was the Captain of the ship, he fell at first into despair, and was ready to throw himself overboard, looking for floggings continually and on the merest pretext, with keel-haulings and every kind of tyranny, oppression, and punishment. But he presently found that the Captain took no kind of notice of him, even when he was on sentry duty on the quarter-deck, and seemed not even to know that he was on board.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW PHILADELPHY REFUSED A BRIBE.

WHEN Bess had given her father his hodgepodge and onion pie, which he received as some compensation due to him for all past privations and recent neglect, she left him, and repaired to the apothecary's.

Mr. Brinjes was already wide-awake, and in earnest conversation with Philadelphy. On the table between them lay the famous skull-stick, object of the deepest veneration and awe to the negro woman.

"What will you do for me," he was saying, "if I give you this stick? I am old now, and I have no enemies to punish, nor many friends to protect, and I want nothing for myself except that which not even an Obeah man can procure for himself—his lost youth. . . . What will you do for me, Philadelphy, if I give it to you?"

"Massa Brinjes"—she clutched at the stick, and held it in her arms, kissing the skull—horrid thing!—which grinned at Bess as if it were alive, "I will do everything. Ask me—tell me—I will do everything."

"We shall see. Those who possess this stick—it must be given, not stolen, or the virtue vanishes—can do whatever they please. Why, if it were your own, there would be no woman in the country so powerful as you. If you have enemies, you could put Obi on them, and go sit in the sun and watch them slowly dying. Ha! I have seen the wise women of the west coast sitting thus, and watching outside the hut wherein their enemy lay wasting away. And if you have friends, think of the good fortune you could bring them. Why, Miss Castilla you could marry to a Lord; not a beggarly ship Captain, but a rich Lord."

"No, no," said Philadelphy; "she shall marry Mas' Jack. No one like him."

"You could make her as rich as you could desire. If she wants children, you could send them to her. No need, then, to consult the cards or to watch the birds, because you could have everything your own way to command, once you get the skull-stick. As for wind and rain, you could call for them when you pleased. See"—he rose and looked up at the sky, which was covered with driving clouds, the wind being fresh—"see, you would like rain! 'Twould be good for Madam's garden, would it not? I call for rain."

Strange! As he spoke, the drops pattered against the windows. Though 'twas a light and passing shower, yet it seemed to fall in reply to his call. He might have seen it on the point of falling, and prophesied after the event was decided. Truly Mr. Brinjes was crafty and subtle above all other men. But Philadelphy jumped, and kissed the stick again. "You see, Philadelphy," he went on, "what you could do with this stick. It is wasted on me, because I am too old to want anything. I am past ninety, and you, I should think, are not much over seventy. If I die before I give the stick away, it is lost—its virtue is gone. But there is still time. What will you do for me if I give you the stick?" He paused and considered a little before he went on again. "Perhaps you think it will only compel rain, and is of no use as regards persons. Well, here is Bess to testify that I put Obi on Aaron Fletcher. He was formerly a thriving man until he offended me. What hath happened to him since? First, he was tortured with toothache; next, his smack was taken by French privateers; then he went privateering himself, and did no good; then his boat-building sheds were burned, with all his tools and timber; lastly, he went bankrupt, and hath now, I hear, enlisted in the Marines to escape a prison. I have removed the Obi, and now leave him to his fate. What will you do for me if I give you the stick?"

Again the old woman clutched it and kissed it, with the unholy light of witchcraft in her eyes.

I wonder if the Sorceress of Endor had a skull-stick?

"Stop a moment, Philadelphy. What will you do for me?"

"Everything, Massa Brinjes. Nothing in the world that I will not do for you."

"There is only one thing that I cannot make my stick do for me. Everything else in the world I can do. But this thing I cannot do, and you can."

Still clinging to the stick, the old woman implored him only to let her know what that was in order that she might instantly go away and do it.

"Bess hath a sweetheart, and he hath proved a rover, as many sailors do. Bring him back to her arms and keep him constant, and I will bestow the stick upon thee."

"Nay," Bess cried, quickly. "Since my sweetheart loves me no longer, I will have no charms to make him. I have promised, besides, that I will trouble him no more."

"Tell me his name," cried the old woman, regardless of Bess. "Only tell me his name, and I will do it for her."

"Can you bewitch a man at sea?"

"I can, I can," she cried. "I will make his heart soft for her, so that he will forget every other woman, and want none but Bess. Why," she said, "every negro woman knows a love charm." This with some wonder that a wizard of Mr. Brinjes's power, and possessed of an Obeah stick, should not be able to do so simple a thing. "I can make him love her all the same as he loved her at first. I can make him love her so as he shall never love another woman. If that is all, Massa Brinjes, let me carry away the stick."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

"Softly, softly. The thing is not done yet. If I give thee this stick I shall never get it back again. Wherefore let us have it paid for first."

"Tell me his name, then"—Philadelphy turned eagerly to Bess—"only tell me his name, girl, and I will make the charm to-day."

"Nay," Bess repeated, "I want no charm to bring him back."

"Be not so proud, Bess," said Mr. Brinjes; "you shall have what your friends can get you. As for you, Philadelphy, be not too ready. What? You think I would give such a stick for a trifle? You think Bess's lover is some common sea-swab, I dare say—a master's mate, at best, or a gunner, or perhaps a shipwright. No, no; her lover is another guess kind, I promise you."

"If he was an Admiral, he should come back to her. Tell me his name."

"Even if he were promised to marry your young mistress, Miss Castilla?"

A negro woman cannot turn pale, particularly one so black as Philadelphy, nor can her color come and go like that of a white woman; yet she changes color when she is moved. Philadelphy not only changed color, but she gasped, and looked upon Mr. Brinjes as one astonished and dismayed.

"To marry Miss Castilla?" she repeated.

"What if Bess's lover had deserted her for your young mistress?"

"Don' say that—oh, Massa Brinjes! I cooden do it—no—no—I could do anything else, but I cooden do it even for the stick."

"I say, Philadelphy, what if his name was Jack Easterbrook? Why, it is Jack. It is the Captain who was Bess's lover. Where were your eyes not to discover that? You, a witch? Where were your eyes, I say?"

"I cooden do it—no—I cooden do it."

"Look at the stick again, old woman. Think of the joy of having the stick your own. Think of what you could do, with the stick to help you. What is the Captain to you, compared with the possession of the stick?"

She looked at it with yearning eyes. Suppose that the thing which all your life you have been taught to regard as the symbol and proof of power was to be offered you at a price? This was the old negro woman's case: she could have the Obeah stick in return for—what?

"At the worst," said Mr. Brinjes, "it would make her unhappy for a week."

"No, no; Miss Castilla she set her heart upon the Captain."

"Well," the tempter continued, "with the help of the stick you cannot only find a rich and noble lover for her, one who will make her happy, but you can also give her a charm, and make her forget the Captain."

"No, no," said the old woman; "Miss Castilla will never forget the Captain."

"Then, when his fancy returns to his old love, which it will do before long, your young mistress will be made unhappy. Come, Philadelphy, think of this stick; think of having it your own—the great Obeah stick."

"Who are you"—she turned fiercely upon Bess—"to take away a young gentleman officer? Stay with your own people, and let the Captain stay with his. Massa Brinjes, if I give you the secret to keep alive—ten, fifty, a hundred years if you like—will you give me the stick?"

"If you have that secret, old woman," said Mr. Brinjes, "I will tear it out of you if I have to rack every joint in your body with rheumatism. If you know that secret, it is as good as mine already. No, Philadelphy, it is the Captain or nothing. Look at the stick again, Philadelphy. Take it in your hands."

"Oh, I will get the girl—what a fuss about a girl! as if she was a lady!—I will get her any other man in Deptford. Plenty handsome men in Deptford."

"I want none of her charms, Mr. Brinjes, for Jack or any one else," Bess said again. "Let her have the stick, if you like, and let her go."

"There!" Philadelphy cried, triumphantly. "You see? She wants none of my charms. Why, there, take the secret instead, and let me have the stick, and you shall live for a hundred years more."

Here one cannot but admire the way in which these two magicians believed each in the other's powers, but were uncertain about their own. For, first, if Mr. Brinjes by means of his skull-stick could draw down rain from the sky, why could he not move the Captain's heart? And, next, if Philadelphy could turn a faithless lover back to his fidelity, why could she not so order Castilla's heart that she should resign the Captain without a pang? But this she could not do. Yet the wizard believed in the witch, and the witch in the wizard.

"It must be Jack," said Mr. Brinjes, "or nothing."

"Then," she replied, sorrowfully, "it is nothing. Put away the stick, Mr. Brinjes, lest I die of longin', and let me go."

He replaced the stick in the corner. The skull grinned at the old woman as if in contempt because she had missed so magnificent an opportunity.

"Very well, Philadelphy," said Mr. Brinjes, returning to his pillows. "I do not believe you know any charm at all. You know nothing. You are only an ignorant old negro woman. In Jamaica they would laugh at you. You are not a wise woman. You only pretend to make charms. Why, anybody could make as good a charm as you."

She shook her head, but made no reply, still gazing at the stick.

"All your tricks are only pretence. You cannot, in reality, do anything. As for your cards, you cannot even tell a fortune properly. If you can, tell Bess hers."

Philadelphy drew from her pocket a pack of cards, greasy and well worn, and began to shuffle them and to lay them out according to her so-called science. Bess, who would have no charms, could not resist the sight of the cards, and looked on anxiously while the old woman laid out her cards and muttered her conclusions.

"The dark woman is Bess," she said—"the fair woman is Miss Castilla—the King of Hearts is the Captain. Oh! the dark woman wins!" She dashed the cards aside, and would go on no further, but with every sign of alarm and anxiety rose up, and tightening her red turban, she hurried away.

"Always," said Bess, "she has told me the same fortune. Always the same. Yet I know not."

"These divinations by cards," said Mr. Brinjes, "are known by many women even in this country, where there is so little wisdom. I wonder if Philadelphy lied when she offered to sell me that secret. If I thought she had such a secret—but I doubt, else why doth she continue so old and grow so infirm? No, she hath not that knowledge, which I must seek on the African coast. Bess, take courage. We will sail to that coast—you, Jack, and I; we will be all carried away together; and, first, I will find that secret, and, next, we will go forth to the Southern Seas, and there dig up the treasure of the great galleon."

She shook her head.

"As for me," she said, "there will be no sailing away, Jack, nor any happiness at all; and as for you, Daddy, when you are carried away it will be with feet first."

"Perhaps! Yet I doubt! For I do continually dream of those seas, and clearly discern the ship, with myself upon the poop, and the island not far off, where at the foot of the palm-tree there lie the boxes. All shall be thine, Bess—to dispose of as thou wilt."

"Why," said Bess, simply, "what should I do with it but give it all to Jack?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

Ex-President Arthur was one of the many men of distinction born in the United States of Irish parentage. His father, the Rev. **William Arthur**, came in early youth to this country from the County Antrim. He was a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, a man of much learning, and by taste and research an antiquarian. **Chester Alan**, his eldest son, was born October 5, 1830, in Fairfield, Franklin County, Vermont, and was educated at the schools of various places in or near which the father was pastor. He entered Union College, at Schenectady, New York, at the early age of fifteen, and graduated four years later, though he was two winters absent teaching school. He was a good student, and took the highest honors in his class, being, moreover, a "popular" man in college, and already an ardent politician of the college type. The next four years were spent in the study of law and in teaching, and in 1853 young **Arthur**, then just twenty-three, became a partner in the law firm of **Culver, Parker, & Arthur**, in the city of New York, of which the Hon. E. D. **Culver** was the chief. This gentleman is still well remembered for his ability as a lawyer, and for his zeal in the antislavery cause. Mr. **Arthur** found in the office when he entered it, the "**Lemmon** slave case," which was afterward to become one of the most noted of the time, and in some regards one of the most important, and in which he was destined to take an active part. It was the case of one **Lemmon**, of Virginia, who brought eight slaves with him to this city *en route* to Texas, and lost them by a writ of *habeas corpus*, which Mr. **Culver**, with Mr. **John Jay**, secured. Virginia was, of course, intensely excited, and took measures to carry the case to the higher courts. The State of New York took up the defence, and Mr. **Arthur** was made State's Attorney in the proceedings. He continued his connection with it to the end, when the Court of Appeals confirmed the action of the lower court. But by this time—1862—the matter was merged in that dread arbitrament to which the slave power had appealed, and Mr. **Arthur** was supplying arguments for freedom in the shape of a regiment a day, equipped and armed and sent to the front.

It was while in the firm with Mr. **Culver**, also, that Mr. **Arthur** undertook the case of **Lizzie Jennings**, a colored woman who sued for damages for ejection by force from a Fourth Avenue street car. He won the case, and from that time colored people enjoyed rights that had been previously almost wholly denied them.

In 1859 Mr. **Arthur** was married to **Ellen Lewis Herndon**, daughter of the heroic Captain **William Lewis Herndon**. She was a lady of high intelligence and strong character, and their union was a peculiarly happy one.

The next year, 1860, he received what was regarded as a purely complimentary appointment as a member of the military staff of Governor E. D. **Morgan**. But in 1861 the war of the rebellion burst upon the country, and the Governor promptly called on the young lawyer, just turned thirty, to take the post of Quartermaster-General, and to assume charge of quartering, subsisting, arming, clothing, equipping, and forwarding the troops of New York for the Union army. The energy and skill with which this task, suddenly imposed, and increasing with unforeseen rapidity, was performed was one of the proofs of the remarkable fertility of the North in men of capacity. "General" **Arthur**, as he was then first called, and as he was afterward to be known even when in the White House, performed his duties so well that in 1863 his successor under Governor **Seymour** warmly acknowledged his services, and his accounts, submitted to the national government, stood scrutiny and audit without the deduction or criticism of a dollar in amounts running into millions. The story of this period, as told by Mr. **Arthur**'s associates, is extremely interesting. One feature of it can alone be referred to now, and that is the testimony borne by all to his absolute integrity and unselfish honor in a post where he might easily have amassed a great fortune.

He returned to the practice of the law, and to that ardent and skilful part in politics for which he had always shown both fondness and fitness. He was an early and effective worker for the nomination and election of General **Grant** to the Presidency. In November, 1871, President **Grant** made him Collector of the Port of New York, to which place he was reappointed in 1875, the first to enjoy that honor since the creation of the office. He made during his term many friends among the business men of the city, and presented a record of conservative and prudent action in the matter of appointments and removals. He was, however, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the city and State, and when in 1877 President **Hayes** issued his order forbidding officials to take active part in politics, Mr. **Arthur** failed to comply with it, and was removed from office. The removal rather increased his influence as the leader of the "Stalwarts," who were in control of the New York machinery of the Republican party. In 1880 he, with Senator **Conkling**, led the movement for the nomination of General **Grant** for a third term. When that was defeated, Mr. **Arthur** was named as candidate for Vice-President with Mr. **Garfield**, as a peace-offering to the **Grant** or **Conkling** wing of the party. He was elected, and succeeded to the Presidential office September 20, 1881, on the death of President **Garfield**. His career as President is too familiar to need recital. It was marked by a very conservative and candid tone in foreign affairs, which was of great service to the country in matters in which a dangerously zealous policy had been previously pursued, and by great firmness and integrity in financial policy. It was also distinguished by his signature of the Civil Service Reform Act, January 14, 1883, and by the establishment of the Civil Service Commission. The President's health, which had been severely strained by the death of his wife in 1880, never permitted him to enter very actively into politics or business after the close of his term, and he lived in dignified retirement. He died on the morning of November 18, at his residence in New York city, leaving a son aged twenty-one and a daughter aged fourteen.

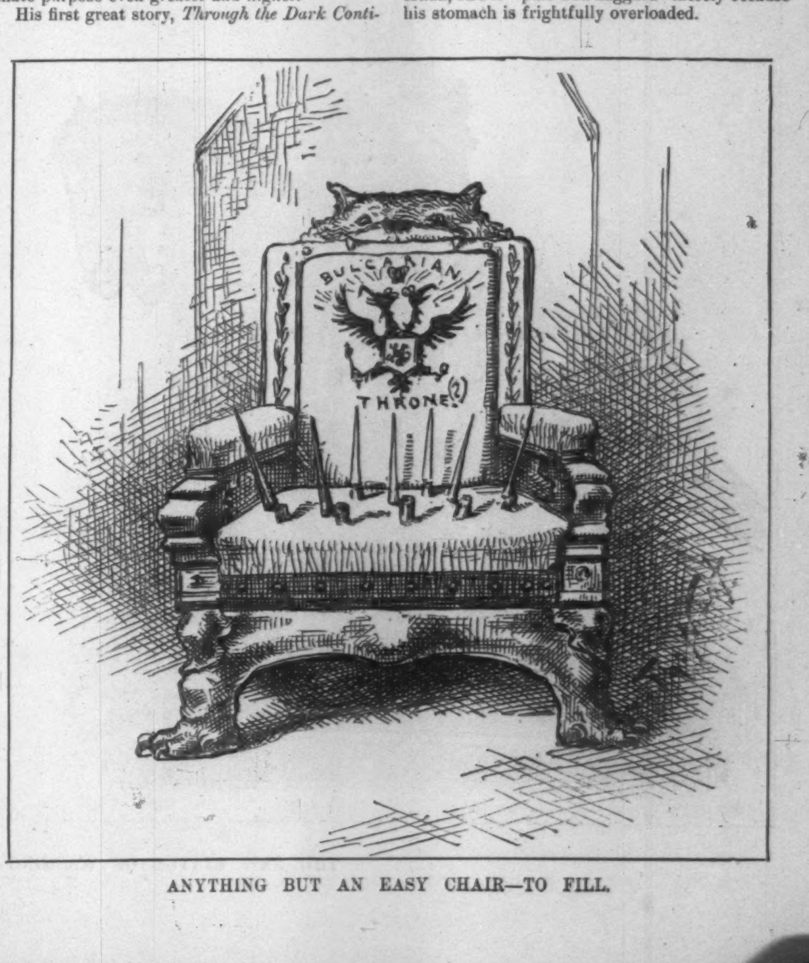
HENRY M. STANLEY.

In a review of *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State*, in the **Weekly** of July 11, 1885, Mr. W. L. **Alden**, a good authority, said: "African exploration has a long roll of heroes, but **Stanley** easily leads them all." The figure of **Stanley**, indeed, is as heroic as one of those that come down to us from the "spacious times of Great **Elizabeth**," and in this age of commerce and science presents some of the most striking features of the men of the time when the energy of the race seemed to burst full-flowered from a rough and naked stem. In a land where ordinary activities give full scope to even the most enterprising natures, where business, politics, science, offer fields either tempting or profitable, Mr. **Stanley**, from the ranks of the newspaper correspondents, saw and seized the opportunity for adventure as unique and daring, as full of peril and as fruitful in amazing results, as those which invited the **Cabots** and **Henry Hudson** and **Raleigh**, or even the great Italian explorer. The tragic failures of his predecessors in African research stimulated rather than checked his zeal, and he entered on his work with courage equal to theirs, and with foresight, practical force, and an ultimate purpose even greater and higher.

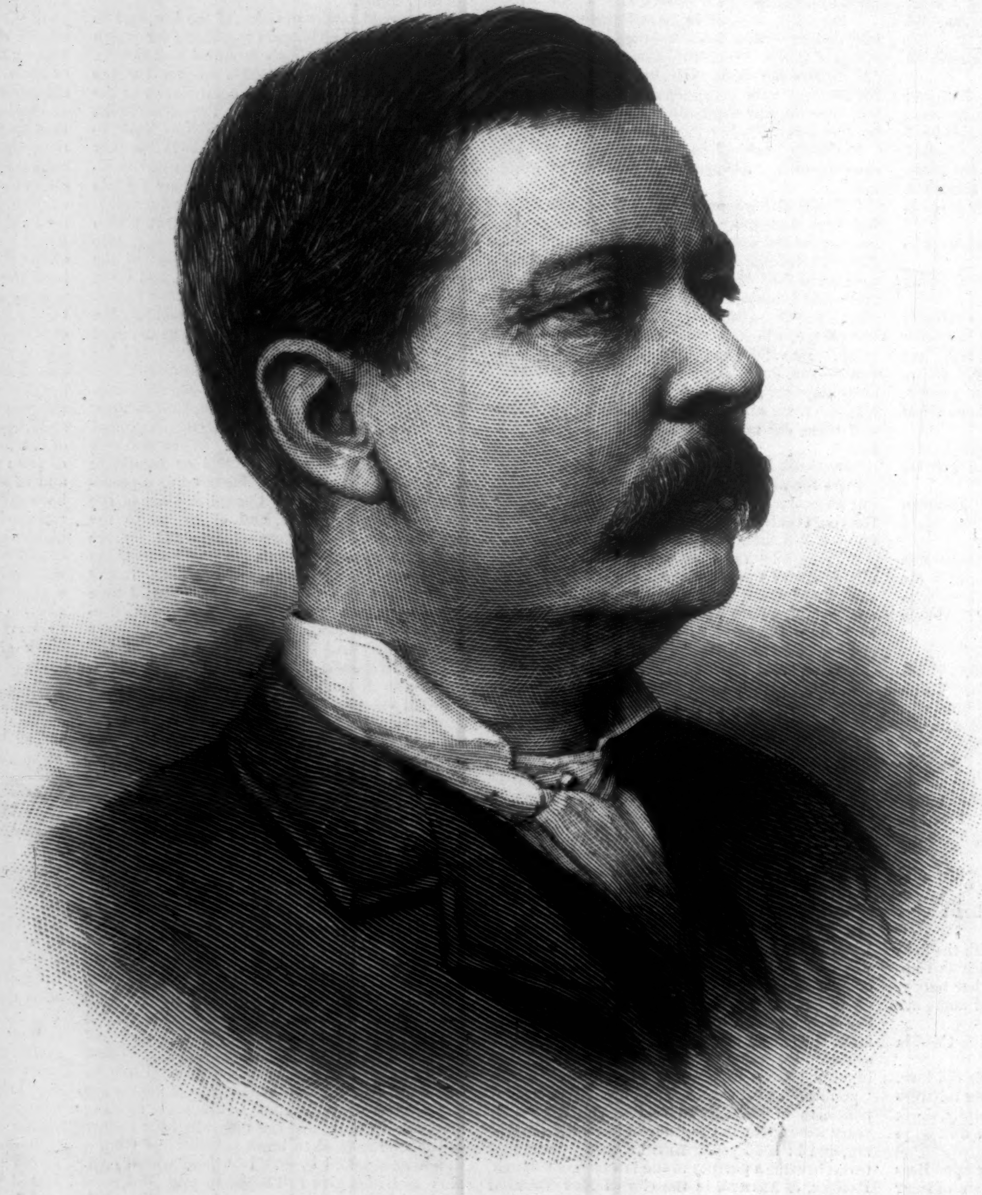
His first great story, *Through the Dark Continent*, placed him in the front rank of explorers and discoverers, adding not only the great Alexandra Lake to the map of Africa, but unsealing the vast region lying south of the Sahara and beyond the Coast Range, and opening up to the possibility of civilization the basin of the Congo, revealing the existence of a practicable water-way of nearly six thousand miles through the heart of a densely populated and rich territory theretofore as impenetrable to Europeans as the polar sea. Had his career stopped there, he would have been recognized now and in after-times as one of the most daring and masterful of men, and his modest, straightforward story of his labors and achievements would have become a lasting chapter in the world's literature of noble adventure. But it was far from stopping there. With much of the genius of the statesman, Mr. **Stanley** has been the guide and chief promoter of the great plan by which the region he had traversed through hostile tribes, with incredible patience, skill, energy, and endurance, was to be opened to the commerce and finally to the civilization of Europe and America. He has had the rare fortune to see this vast country safeguarded from the wasteful quarrels of rival claimants, constituted a free state, open to all comers, organized on the basis of common rights and opportunities, and protected from the long and cruel experience of warfare and of stunting monopoly that other new lands have suffered. And now, whatever difficulties remain to be surmounted, he may claim his place in history not only as an explorer of marvellous intrepidity and success, and a writer of books that will fascinate future ages, but as the founder of a great state who has offered a continent to the advance of his race. Mr. **Stanley** was expected to start from England so as to arrive in New York about November 25, for the purpose of making a "lecture tour" in this country.

THE LATEST FASTER.

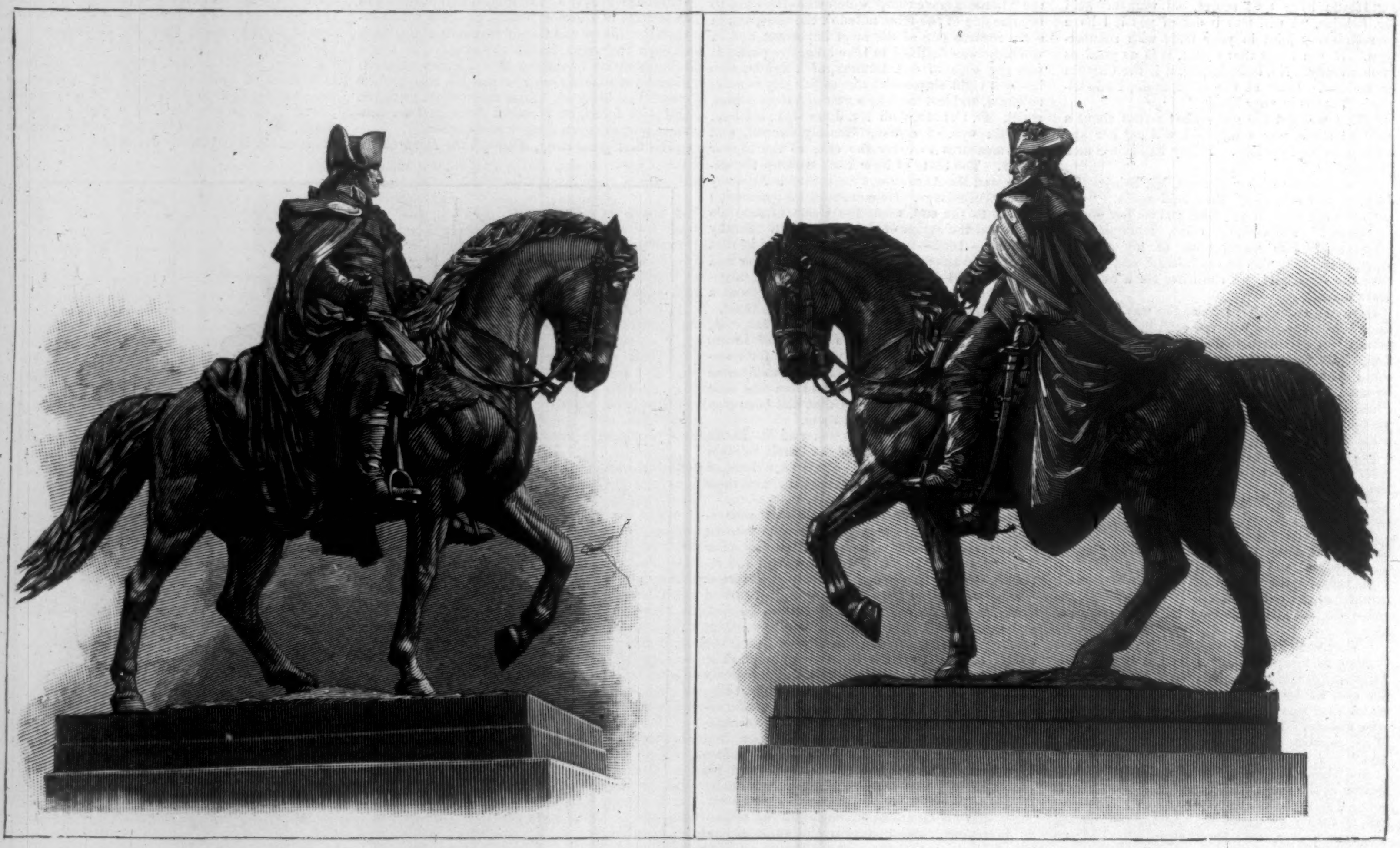
The Italian gentleman who is starving himself after the manner of Dr. Tanner is apparently getting along very well. It is not very easy to understand from the reports which come to us from Milan, where his experiment is being conducted, precisely how long he has been without food, but one who has read the occasional accounts is left with the impression that he has not eaten anything for several months. All that he takes is a liquor whose composition is a secret, and whose virtues he discovered while travelling in Africa. How much of this liquor he consumes the reports do not state, though presumably the quantity is not great, since if he took a good deal of it the whole riddle of what he is about could be explained by the assumption that it is a good strong soup. Whatever the liquor may be, it seemingly gives the exhibitor much vigor, for he talks volubly, spends a considerable time each day in practising with the foil, and not infrequently passes an hour or so swimming in the public bath near the Porta Magenta. He is "somewhat pale and haggard," but otherwise seems to be as normal as though he were sustained by beefsteak. A Chicago inventor once announced that he was prepared to build a city with a glass cover to it for the benefit of consumptives, and to supply people with food in such concentrated form that a man could carry three hearty meals in a corner of his vest pocket. It is no more than a surmise, of course, but one cannot help thinking that the Chicagoan may have wandered off to Africa, and there confided his secret to the Italian, who, having dissolved in a glass of water enough of the American's concentrated food to sustain him for a year, and drunk it off, is now seeming to defy nature at Milan, and is "pale and haggard" merely because his stomach is frightfully overloaded.



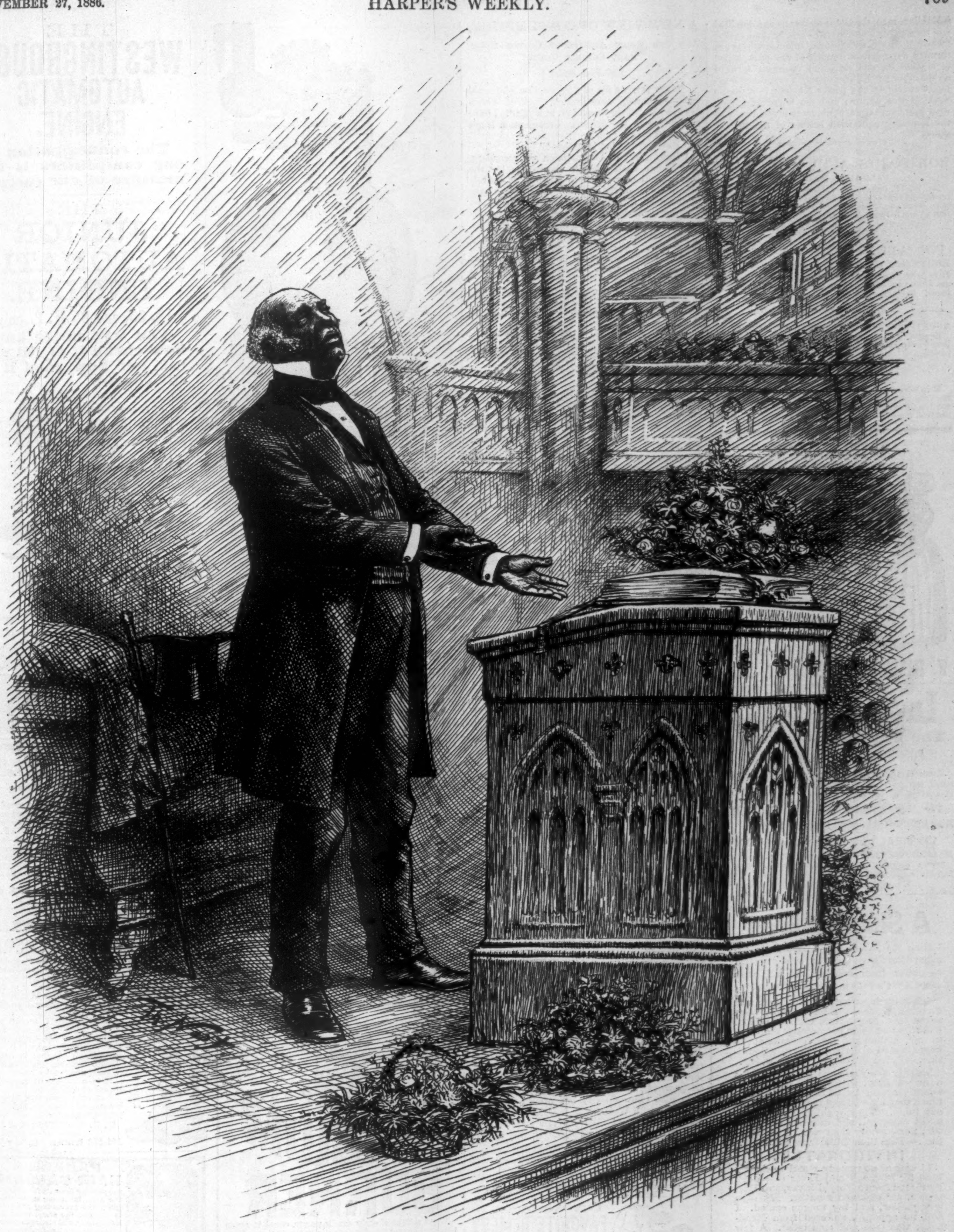
ANYTHING BUT AN EASY CHAIR—TO FILL.



HENRY M. STANLEY.—[See Page 767.]



THE NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON FOR PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 769.]



WHAT THE COLORED RACE HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

"We are thankful for PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S Emancipation Proclamation, issued by his pen.
"We are thankful for GENERAL GRANT'S enforcing it by his sword.
"And we are thankful for PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S freeing our minds from the belief that we would be enslaved again under a Democratic Administration."

A NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

RUDOLPH SIEMERING'S statue of **WASHINGTON**, which is soon to be erected in the city of Philadelphia, was pronounced one of the chief attractions of the Berlin Exhibition, where it was first exhibited. The idea of a worthy statue of **WASHINGTON** for Philadelphia took form in 1883, at the time of the centennial celebration of the close of the war of independence. American and foreign sculptors were invited to submit models for the work, and Professor **SIEMERING**, of Berlin, was chosen among those who responded. The labor of creating the statue has occupied him for three years. Dr. **FENDLER**, Vice-Director of the Berlin Museum, in writing of the statue, says: "Conceived in mighty proportions, wide-spreading in composition, manifold in its parts, and still compact, the **WASHINGTON** monument promises to be one of the most powerful and effective monuments of the world." The base of the statue is complex in design and rich in symbolic ornamentation. The four principal rivers of the United States are represented by four figures, two male and two female. One of these river-gods, depicted as an Indian, is accompanied by a pair of shaggy buffaloes, and the others respectively are attended by a stag and female deer, a bear and panther, and a horse and steer. Of these figures Dr. **FENDLER** says that the sculptor "has understood with a fine artistic feeling how to combine the ideal character of the groups with the quite realistic character of the monument in a harmonious manner." Numerous portraits of Revolutionary heroes are presented in relief. In relief also are represented the departure of American soldiers for the war, and the return of the victors. Two groups represent Columbia, banner and sword in hand, waking the sleepers to battle, and Columbia throned victorious, bearing trident and cornucopia, and receiving the trophies which warriors are laying at her feet.

Of the equestrian statue which surmounts this ornate pedestal, Dr. **FENDLER** writes: "A convincing portrait of the calm, clear-thinking, self-reliant man, the statue strikes us as a dignified and thoroughly monumental work." And again: "The figure itself, firmly seated in the saddle, gains, through the excellent draping of the cloak, which is massed on one side, and is drawn forward on the other by the arm resting a telescope on the hip, the fulness and power required in a plastic work of this nature; and the horse, advancing with powerful stride, reminds us involuntarily of the imposing equestrian statues of the Renaissance."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Dr. W. H. Parmelee, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."—[*Adv.*]

FOR ALLAYING HOARSENESS,

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, AND COUGHS,

It is daily proved that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious. *Sold only in boxes.* 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

European Plan. Restaurant unsurpassed. Location best in the city for transient or permanent guests.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE, Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.

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☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

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A Sluggish Liver

Causes the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine.—Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

INVIGORATED.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver disorders. I suffered from a Torpid Liver, and Dyspepsia, for eighteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from Headache, was pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health.—Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio.

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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A NEW VIEW OF CONSUMPTION,

And One which Appeals to Common-Sense. Many Curable Cases.

[*Medical Stilus.*]

"Many persons die of Consumption who could easily be cured," says Dr. S. C. Clark, of Watertown, N. Y., "if they would go at it right. I have a new view of the disease. Consumption is not always of lung origin."

"How so? What is it, then?"

"Many cases of Consumption are secondary. The disease itself prevails everywhere, but the best practitioners refuse to attribute it entirely to inheritance or the weather. If a person lives in the most favorable climate in the world and has any tendency to lung weakness, if certain conditions exist in the system, that climate, however favorable, will not prevent development of the disease. The disorder in such cases is only a secondary symptom in the lungs of some other ailment, and can never be cured until approached through its source."

"Yes, doctor; but what is the method of approach?"

"If you dip your finger in acid you burn it, do you not?"

"Yes."

"If you wash this burned finger every second with the acid, what is the result?"

"Why, constant inflammation, festering, and eventual destruction of the finger."

"Precisely! Now then for my method, which commends itself to the reason and judgment of every skilful practitioner. You know certain acids are developed in the body. Well, if the system is all right these acids are neutralized or utilized and carried out. If the system is run down by excesses, anxiety, continual exposure, or overwork these acids accumulate in the blood. If there is any natural weakness in the lung, this acid attacks it, having a natural affinity for it, and if the acid is not neutralized or passed out of the system, it burns, ulcerates, and finally destroys the lung. Is this clear?"

"Perfectly! But how do you prevent the accumulation of these acids in the system?"

"Irregularities of the liver and kidneys create this excess of acid, and the supply can be cut off only by correcting the wrong action of these organs. The kidneys alone should carry out in quantity, in solution, enough of this acid daily, which, if left in the blood, would kill four men. When the stomach, the liver, and the kidneys are *all* conspiring to increase the acid, the wonder is that weak lungs resist death as long as they do!"

"But you have not told us how you would treat such cases."

"No, but I will. The lungs are only diseased as an *effect* of this acid, or kidney poison, in the blood. After having exhausted all authorized remedies to correct this acid condition, I was compelled, in justice to my patients, to use Warner's Safe Cure: though a proprietary remedy, it is now recognized, I see, by leading physicians, by Presidents of State Boards of Health, and by insurance physicians, as a scientific and the *only* specific for those great organs in which over ninety per cent. of diseases originate or are sustained."

"Is this form of treatment successful?"

"It is wonderfully so, and for that reason I am only too willing that you should announce it to the world of consumptives."

The above interview came from H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., with the request that we publish it. In a foot-note they say:

"The experience of Dr. Clark is not strange to us. In our correspondence we have found that many thousands of people are suffering from what they think is Consumption, whereas the real difficulty is with the liver and kidneys, proven by the fact that when these organs are restored to health by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, the consumption disappears, and so does uræmic or kidney poisoning, which causes so many symptoms of diseases that the human system is subject to. The same may be said of rheumatism, caused by an acid condition of the system. We insist upon what we always have claimed, if you remove the cause, the system will soon *perfect the work already begun.* Mrs. Rev. Dr. Theodore Wolf, of Gettysburg, Pa., wife of the editor of the *Lutheran Quarterly,* said her friends thought her 'far gone with Consumption,' but after a thorough treatment with Warner's Safe Cure, she says, 'I am perfectly well.' We can cite thousands of such cases, but one is enough. If you publish the above article, *kindly send us a marked copy.*"

If any one can in any way stay the ravages of Consumption, which carries away so many millions yearly, it is their bounden duty so to do.

Dr. Kennedy's

FAVORITE REMEDY

Is the best medicine in the world for all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder. It arrests Diabetic tendency, banishes inflammation, and restores the Kidneys to a healthful action. Thousands have used it with entire success

FOR GRAVEL

and Stone in the Bladder. Mr. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., says: I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the Stone and delivered me from it. I am now well. If I had not taken this medicine just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Stone in the Bladder."—S. W. Hicks, Pleasant Valley, N. Y. $1; 6 for $5.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

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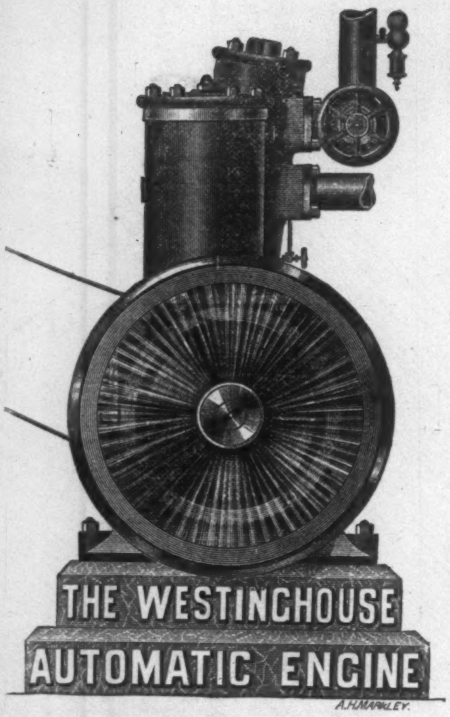

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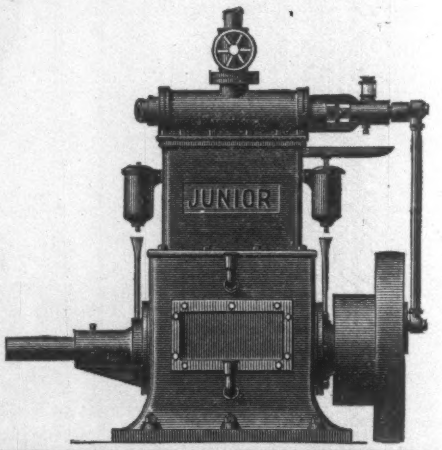
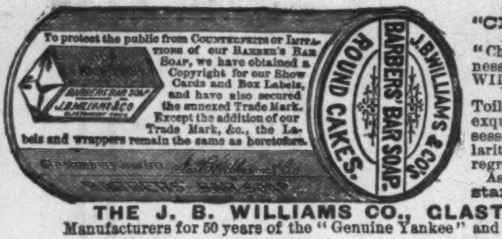


A SAD SIGHT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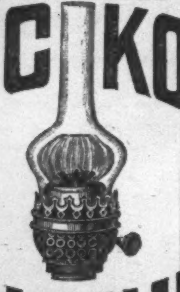

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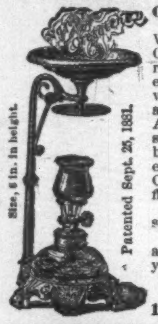
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We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for **Whooping-Cough,** for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

It is a safeguard against the spread of contagion.

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the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please.

50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

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"**HOME EXERCISER**" *for Brain-Workers and Sedentary People.* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home Schools for Physical Culture," 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other I liked half as well."

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Why Mrs. Tubbs Kicked.

Men strike with their fists. Sometimes they swear, but seldom do they kick. To disconsolate women is left a monopoly of kicking.

They do not kick men. They kick the floor. Mrs. Tubbs was a kicking woman. This picture represents her in the act.

She had sung "Lully by baby." She had repeated Mother Goose's Stories. She had tried paregoric, Godfrey's Cordial, and Soothing Syrups. She had tried praying. They were all of no use. Her baby cried.

She had carried that baby in her arms by turns for months. She had rocked him in the cradle. She undid his clothes for the fortieth time to see if a pin pricked him. She employed doctors. Still that baby cried the louder.

He had kept it up for four long weeks. He was getting thin. Mrs. Tubbs thought her baby would die. It was dreadful. She was nearly crazy. She was almost dead. Mrs. Tubbs cried. Then she wrung her hands. Then she pulled her hair. Then she kicked.

She believed there was nothing in this wide world that would cure her sick baby. Her mother told her so. It looked just that way.

She did not know that there was one remedy that would cure her baby. A remedy that digests babies' food. It was indigestion ailed her baby. She didn't know it, although he belched gas and sour curd.

Mrs. Tubbs is an educated lady with a large heart and a pretty fair sized foot. Singular that she did not know of Castoria, which has been in use for 80 years, and has cured millions of babies. But this was Mrs. Tubbs's first baby.

That night another mother across the street heard the doleful cry. In the midnight darkness she carried poor Mrs. Tubbs some of her baby's Castoria. Just as soon as the Tubbs' baby had swallowed a few drops of the other baby's Castoria, he was as quiet as a lamb.

That's just the way Castoria acts. It has the knack of curing children. It always cures them. It cures quickly. They like it. It gives them health. It gives them sleep. Mrs. Tubbs will never kick again. She now believes in Castoria.

Dr. Norman P. Little, of Columbus, Conn., and widely known throughout the Eastern States says:—"My family of eight children have been given Castoria. I prescribe and recommend its use in preference to any formula known to me."

Dr. H. A. Archer, an eminent physician of No. 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., says:—"Castoria is so well adapted to the derangements of infants and children, that I recommend it as superior to any other known remedy."

Rev. Dr. Pope, well acquainted with Dr. Pitcher, says:—"I have used Dr. Pitcher's Castoria in my family, and cheerfully bear testimony to its being all that is claimed for it.

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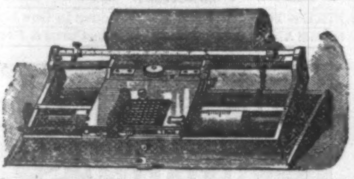

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A grand gift. Pleases everybody. A model of luxury and convenience, in sickness or in health. 50 changes of position. Simple, elegant, durable. Unlike other chairs, it can be adjusted by the one sitting in it. We also manufacture Wheel and Physicians' Chairs. Catalogue free. Mention this paper.

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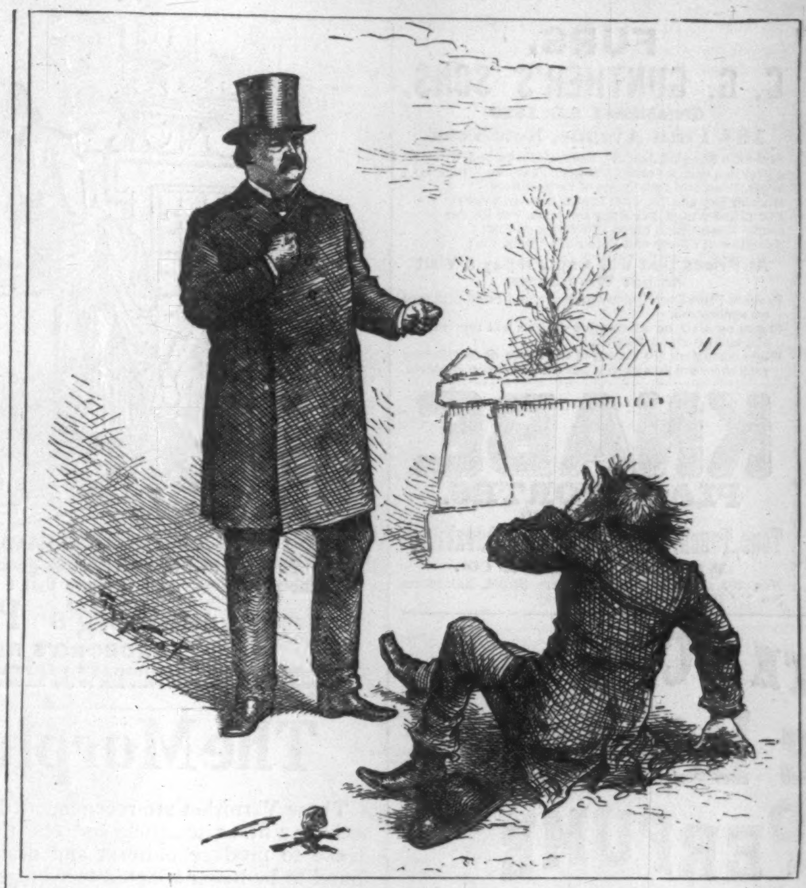

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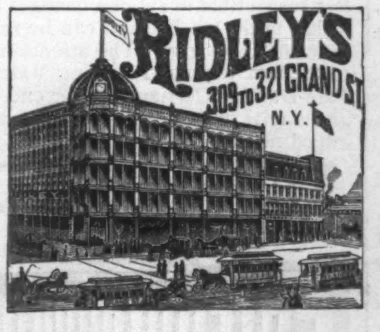

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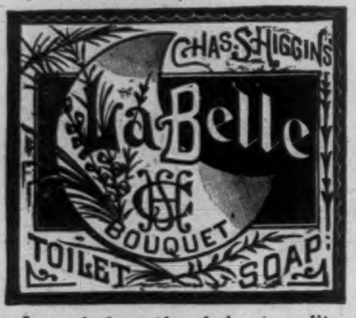

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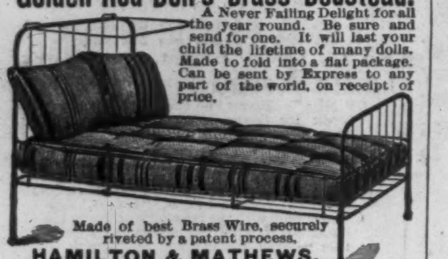

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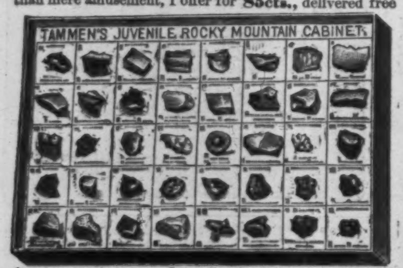
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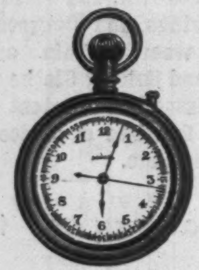

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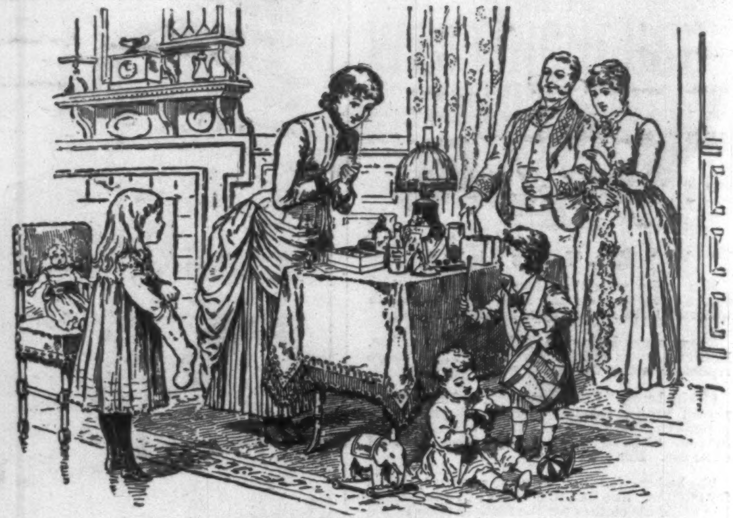

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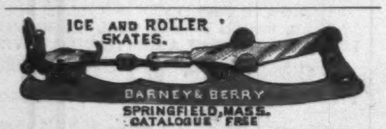

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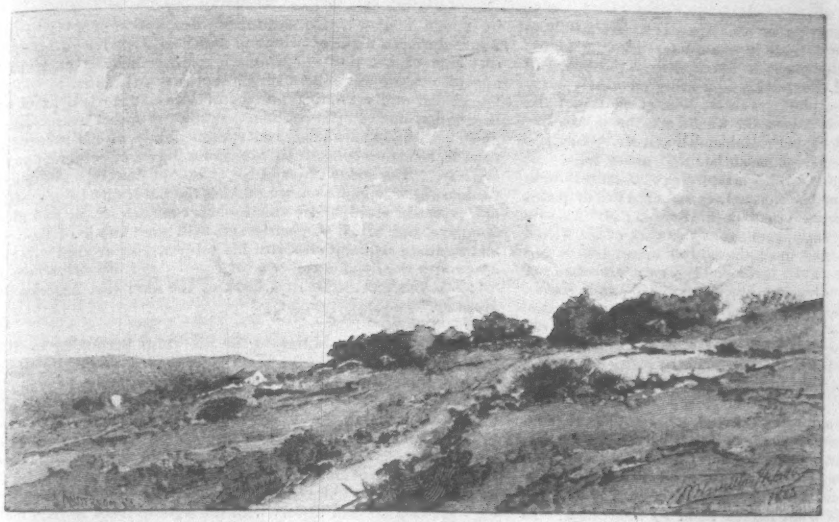

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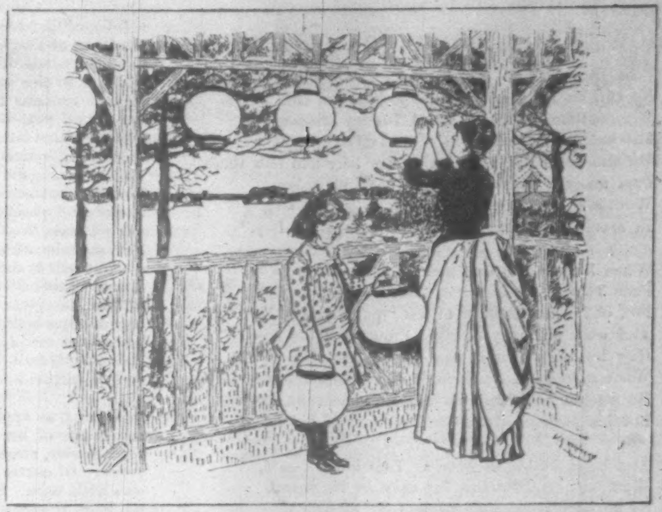

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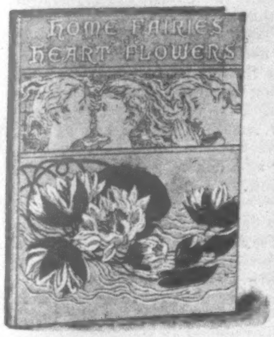
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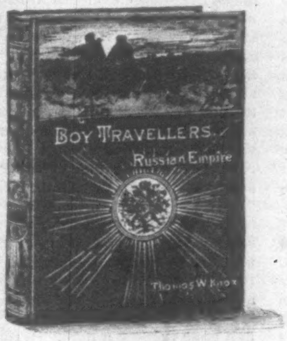
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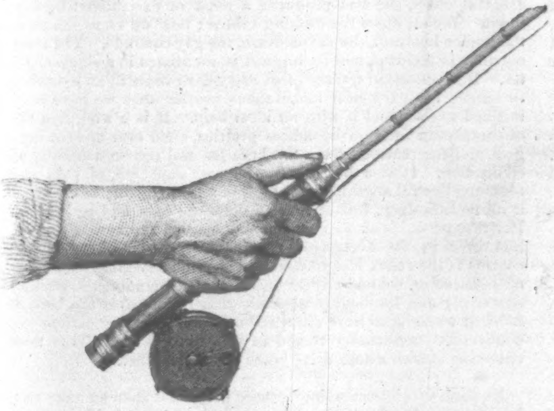

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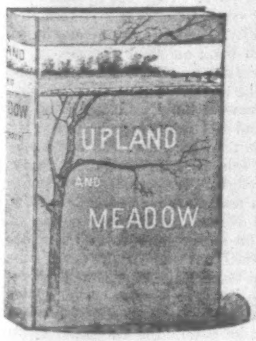
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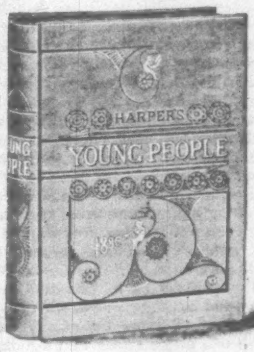
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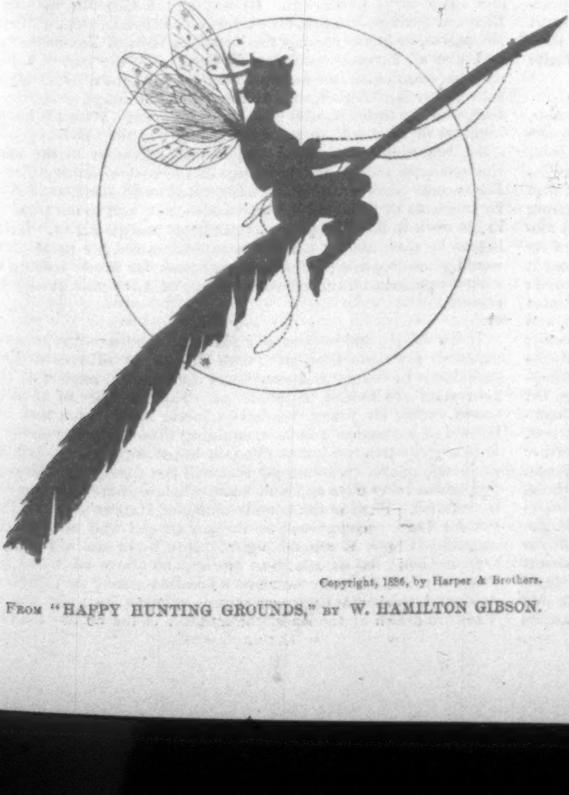

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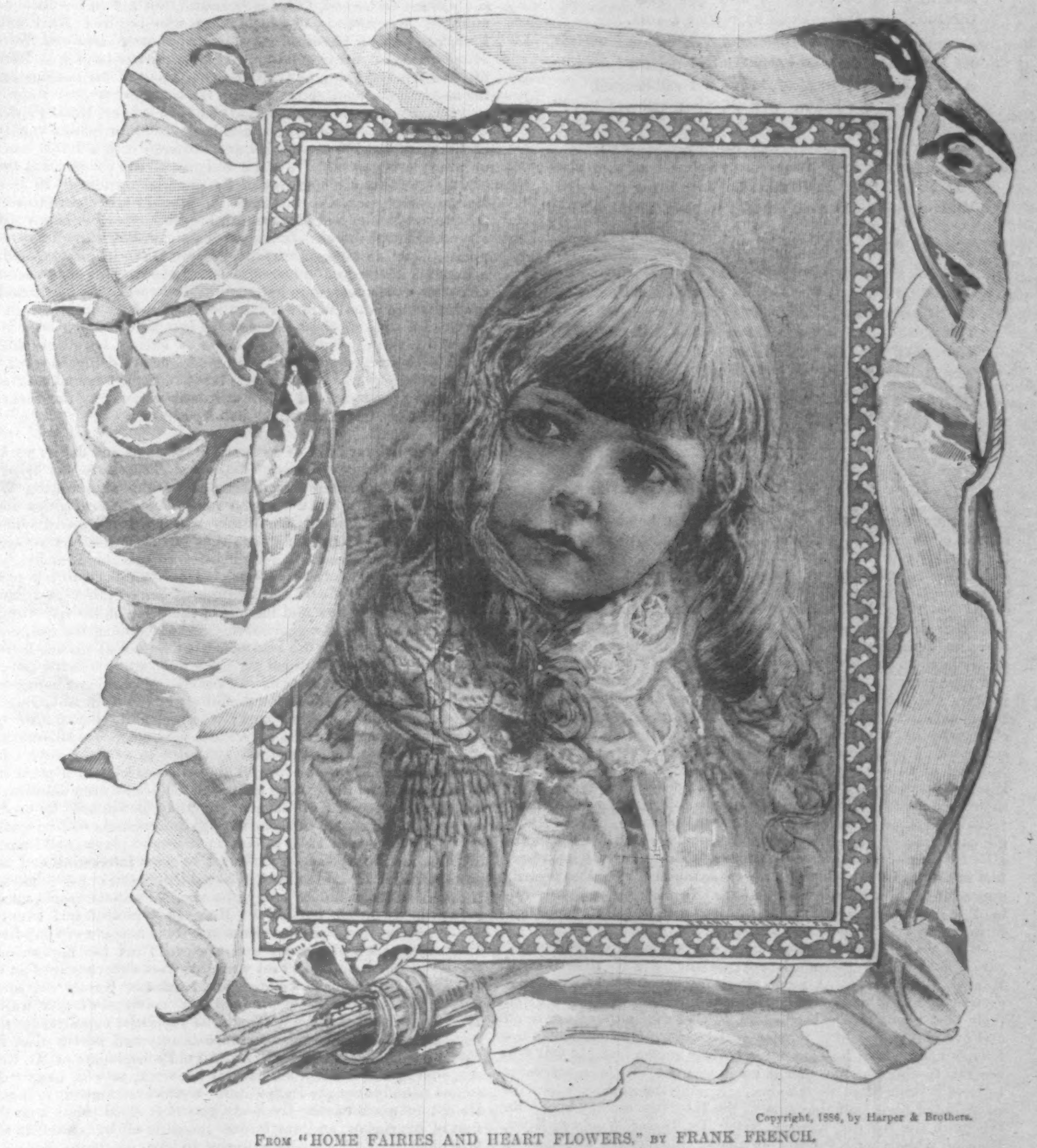

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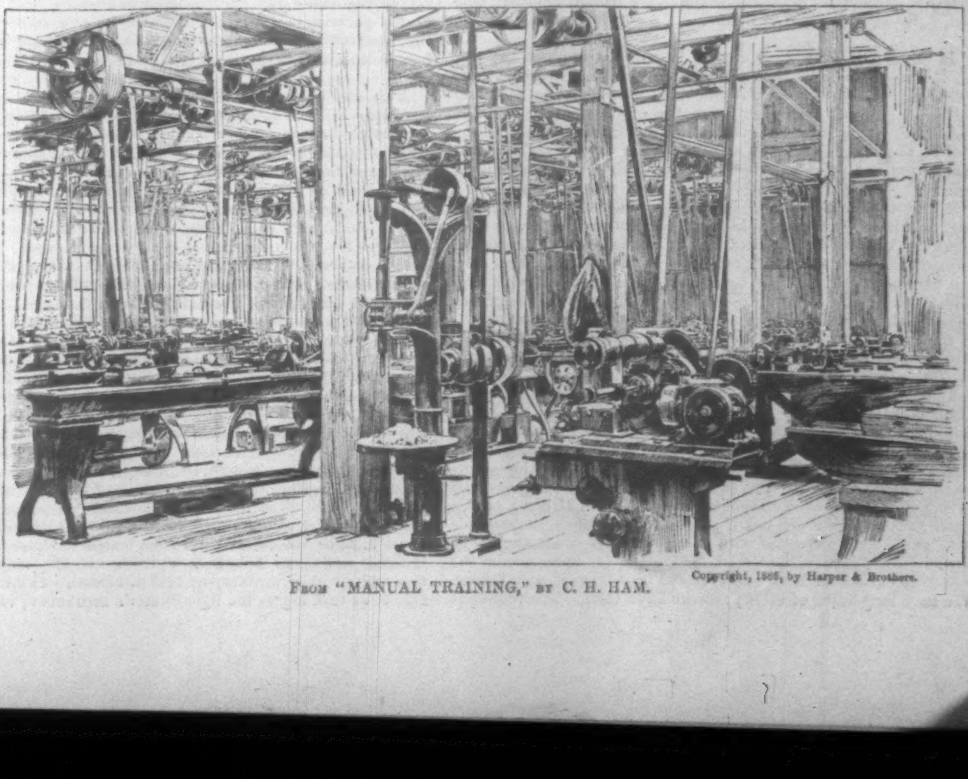

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HOW TOMMY FOUND THANKSGIVING.

Poor little Tommy was ragged and cold,
No cap on his head, and his jacket was old.
But no time for fretting had Tommy Magee,
For he was in search of "Thanksgiving," you see.
Up and down the cold streets, now here and now there,
Past many a comfort in which *he'd* no share,
Went the brave little fellow alone on his way
In search of a share of the "Thanksgiving Day."

When he came to a bakery window at last,
Poor Tommy, he found it hard work to go past,
For, oh! what an odor of hot "pumpkin-pies,"
And what an array of good things met his eyes!
How he longed for a taste of one beautiful tart!
What a *series* of longings, in fact, filled his heart!
He wanted a pie and he wanted some rolls,
But his pockets, alas, contained *nothing but holes.*

And holes in his pockets, as Tom himself said,
Were not legal tenders for cake or for bread.
So he bravely decided 'twere folly to whine,
Since at least he was free on *sweet odors* to dine.
Then into the bakery, 'mongst customers many,
Went barefooted Tommy with never a penny,
And standing on tiptoe, his little pug nose
Gleamed over the counter as red as a rose.

At last, when the customers all had departed,
And Tommy yet lingered, brave but sad-hearted,
Along came the baker. "Well, what will *you* buy?"
Little Tommy grew red. "Oh, nothing, sir. I
Was only just thinking, and looking, and—well,
I was wondering if things *taste* as good as they *smell;*
For, oh! if they do, it must be jolly living
Where people can have all they want of Thanksgiving."

Well, just how it happened Tom couldn't remember,
But one thing he knew: that glad day in November
For him stood out brightly in Memory's hall,
For it gave him a feast of the pies, cakes, and all
The good things he longed for, in spite of the *holes*
That *filled both his pockets* and *wouldn't buy rolls.*
And Tommy Magee, when he went on his way,
Had at last found his share of the "Thanksgiving Day."

M. D. Brine.

BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Without their seasonable literature the holidays would be robbed of their chief attractions. It is difficult to imagine what they would be or seem without the wealth of books and pictures so lavishly poured forth at this time. It would be much like sitting down to what appeared a bounteous repast, and finding only empty covers. The literature of the holidays has made them what they are, and has so embalmed their choicest memories that they can never fade. Irving, Dickens, Dommett, and a hundred others have so immortalized their spirit that it must live forever, and time can change but slightly the forms of holiday observance. Besides the literature referring directly to the holidays is that bound between dainty covers, superbly illustrated, printed in large, clear type on wide-margined sheets, and in all other ways most sumptuously prepared to serve as gift-books. These make up a full half of all the presents given and received at this season, and it is well that it is so. Other gifts may prove disappointing to their recipients, but books, carefully selected with regard to individual tastes, rarely fail to give unalloyed pleasure. From a single catalogue of choice holiday books one may select acceptable gifts for an unlimited circle of friends. They offer the most perfect medium through which to present sympathy, affection, regard, appreciation, or delicate compliment. No matter how costly the book, it can never appear an ostentatious gift, and in its humblest form it may contain priceless treasures.

Of all the holiday catalogues none offers a more extensive and varied list of books peculiarly appropriate for gifts than that of Harper & Brothers. A mere glance at the titles and the suggestive array of names of authors and artists who have given their best talent to the production of these delights of the mind and eye makes one long to possess them all. He hopes that the friends upon whom he counts for holiday remembrances will aslo see the fascinating list, and if he is wise he will take measures to have it brought to their notice. Among the authors who have contributed their best thoughts to the Harpers' holiday books for this year are Warner, Lossing, Reber, Dr. Taylor, Woolson, Knox, Dobson, Abbott, and Dunn, and among the artists, whose work enters so largely into their composition, are Abbey, Reinhart, Gibson, Parsons, and a host of others.

In Messrs. Harper & Brothers' holiday list appears the title of the most notable book of the season, *She Stoops to Conquer; or, the Mistakes of a Night:* We were about to add, "By Edwin A. Abbey," but we must not even attempt to rob Dr. Goldsmith of the glory of his most charming conception. Nevertheless, the book is made the most notable of this season's productions, from any publishing house, by Mr. Abbey's inimitable illustrations. The characters which have until now existed vaguely and without definite features in the minds of readers of the comedy, or whose personality has been subject to the whims and changing ideas of four generations of actors, are here given an individuality from which they can never be dissociated. Who, having once seen Mr. Abbey's conceptions of Kate Hardcastle and Constance Neville, can ever divest them of the charms and graces with which he has so liberally endowed them? or what actor will in the future dare make up for Tony Lumpkin other than as Mr. Abbey has decreed he shall appear? Nor has the artist-manager of this stage been content with introducing merely the speaking characters of the play and providing them with elaborate costumes. With reckless liberality and disregard of expense he has introduced a host of personages never before seen on the boards, and provided each one with all the costly and carefully studied accessories of the part. Thus we now for the first time enjoy a personal acquaintance with the two charming Misses Hogg, arrayed in the perfection of metropolitan fashion, Mrs. Grigsby smiles upon us from her Sedan-chair, and old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, gazes upon the others with an air of severe condemnation of their follies. Little Cripplegate, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, the man who dances the bear, and even the bear himself, are all here. We have long heard of them; now we know them. The volume is a folio, of that heavy creamy paper that appeals so irresistibly to the lover of fine books, and from its sumptuous binding to the minutest detail of its letter-press it is exquisitely finished. In addition to the wealth of illustration appearing on nearly every page, it contains ten large photogravures, printed on thin India paper, and protected by fly-leaves, on which are the descriptive legends in red letters. Besides Dr. Goldsmith and Mr. Abbey, two other men, eminent respectively as author and artist, have lent their genius to the completion of this masterpiece. Austin Dobson furnishes an introduction whose rhythmic accents are full of quaint humor and pleasing conceits. In a decorative way Mr. Abbey's pictures have been happily supplemented by the work of Mr. Alfred Parsons, who with title-pages, head-pieces, and initial letters has added much to the beauty of the volume. The mere possession of a work of this character indicates culture and artistic appreciation in both the giver and the recipient of the gift; and during the approaching holidays it is destined to carry into every household which it enters a pleasure that will last for many years to come. This superb book is bound in richly ornamented leather, and each copy is enclosed in a handsome box.

Nothing so appeals to a mother's heart as something that reminds her of her children, and affords her a standard by which their beauty, strength, and mental accomplishments may be compared. Of course the comparisons always result favorably to her own little ones. She would be a phenomenal mother if they did not, and of course that is what makes them so interesting. In looking over the bewildering array of new holiday books there is one that instantly attracts the eye, and suggests to all the same thought: "What a capital book to give a mother! How quickly she will discover the type of her own child in it, and how happily she will say to herself, 'This is beautiful, but not so beautiful as mine.'" Nevertheless, the little ones who inspired Mr. Frank French to produce his exquisite volume of *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers* are real, living children, and his work has been done from life and from photographs, without the taxing of his imagination for any improvement upon nature. He has, however, exercised it to good purpose in surrounding the faces of his sweet Home Fairies with their appropriate flowers, and in devising an infinite variety of dainty decorative bits, which are scattered with a lavish hand on nearly every page. He is the designer of the volume, and the artist as well as the engraver of its pictorial contents. In Mrs. Margaret Sangster, who furnishes the poetical text descriptive of the several Fairies and Flowers, Mr. French has a most happy and sympathetic co-laborer. In her sweet style, which, with all its simplicity, lacks nothing of earnest directness, she inculcates many a valuable lesson and enforces many a homely truth in the score of poems which constitute her share of the work. As Mr. French candidly admits in his preface to the book, Mrs. Sangster's poems might well have inspired the pictures, instead of having been inspired by them. The volume contains twenty beautiful child heads, each occupying a full page, and framed in dainty blossoms, careless sprays, or swaying vines. It is handsomely bound, printed on fine heavy paper, and will prove most welcome to the seeker after the truly beautiful among holiday gifts.

Another holiday book of generous proportions and dainty workmanship is *Happy Hunting Grounds, a Tribute to the Woods and the Fields,* written and illustrated by the author-artist W. Hamilton Gibson. To those who remember *Pastoral Days* and *Highways and Byways,* Mr. Gibson will need no introduction, while to those who have not been thus fortunate the new volume will prove a revelation of the delightful surprises hidden by Nature beneath commonplace forms, and only unfolded to her true lovers and close students. Mr. Gibson is one of the most ardent of these Nature-lovers, and has made the most of his opportunities for discovering her guarded secrets. Combining the temperament of an artist with the soul of a poet, he has at his command two mediums through which to make known his discoveries—a facile brush and a ready pen. In the charming volume before us he paints in one paper the delights of a winter's walk through the forest, when the shivering earth is wrapped in her mantle of snow, and when against its pure white all objects are silhouetted and accented with a distinctness unknown to summer days. In another he reveals the secrets of the witch-hazel, which plant he studied long, and thought he knew well, before he even discovered that it was possessed of secrets. In "Sap Bewitched" he opens our eyes to the causes of those strange excrescences so frequently seen on the leaves or twigs of certain trees and plants, and known as "nutgalls," "oak-apples," etc. The most interesting and important paper of the collection is entitled "Backyard Studies." It describes the botanical study of a summer's spontaneous, uncut growth in an urban backyard. Here, on a plot of turf twenty-five by twelve feet, the marvellous discovery is made of sixty-four distinct varieties of grasses and weeds. Thus the microscopic studies of this most observant writer convert every square foot of earth into a museum of wonders, and teach that Nature cherishes her delightful secrets even amid the confines of city walls. Throughout the book the deft hand of the artist supplements the text with illustrations of such rare beauty and fidelity that its value is enhanced a hundredfold. An old school-mate of Mr. Gibson, who is now a warm admirer of his work, says of him: "At school nobody thought Ham Gibson would ever amount to much. He did not seem to care for study, generally stood pretty near the foot of his classes, and was forever mooning off by himself in the fields and woods." The artist seems to have continued this practice of "mooning off" into the fields and woods, until, as a result of his perseverance in this direction, he now stands very near the head of his class, and brings us stories from his favorite haunts that rival in interest the fairy tales of our childhood.

A kindred work with this of Mr. Gibson is *Upland and Meadow, a Poaetquissings Chronicle,* by Dr. Charles C. Abbott. To the lover of Nature in all her varying moods and phases this book will prove such a well-spring of delight, such a storehouse of information, and such a mine of rich experience that he will at first read it greedily from cover to cover, then return to the beginning and study its every page. Finally he will pick it up at odd moments, and at each of such opportunities will absorb a few of its treasures for after-thought and careful consideration. Without it his library would be as incomplete as though robbed of its Thoreau or Burroughs. It is the record of a lifetime of the closest and most intelligent observation, directed by a never-failing enthusiasm, and favored by opportunity and surroundings. Living in New Jersey, on a bank of the Delaware, directly in the track of great flocks of migratory birds, and in the immediate vicinity of several smaller streams, the most notable of which is the Poaetquissings, Dr. Abbott has pursued his studies under most advantageous circumstances. He too finds winter a season full of absorbing interest, and his records of the abounding animal life of even zero weather are little short of marvellous. While Mr. Gibson writes oftenest of trees, plants, and flowers, Dr. Abbott, without neglecting these, takes most pleasure in coming to terms of intimacy with his more sentient neighbors of the air, the field, and the water. With the instincts of a true naturalist, he is willing to sit motionless for hours in some hidden nook, far from human habitation, and deems the time well spent if he is rewarded by the discovery of a single new trait or habit in some shy bird or animal. As interesting and almost as thrilling as the tiger-hunter's accounts of night-watches in Indian jungles is this naturalist's description of a vigil in the woods during a night of profound darkness, kept for auricular observation of the tiny nocturnal prowlers which he knew to be abroad. Again, his record of experiments calculated to test the knowledge and reasoning powers of birds suggests a novel and fascinating line of investigation. While the author acknowledges himself to be bald-headed, and speaks lightly of his twenty-year records, he claims to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, and says, "The songs of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the companionship of animate nature prevent the naturalist from growing old, except in years." He tells his story in such simple and direct language, and withal so clearly and with such an air of thorough and intimate acquaintance with his subject, that we are inclined to agree with the London reviewer of *Upland and Meadow,* who says, "This is the most delightful book of the kind that America has given us."

The most recent addition to the literature pertaining to white men and Indians in the far West is *Massacres of the Mountains,* by J. P. Dunn, Jun. It is an impartial, concise, and yet thoroughly comprehensive account of the Indian wars of the past fifty years, presenting in detail the causes that led to them, the results that followed, and narrating most of the leading incidents of the several struggles. Without seeking to palliate a single offence on the part of the Indians, or to exaggerate a single act of injustice on the part of the white man, the author has illumined this darkest page of American history with the light of truth in such floods that the horrible iniquity of our dealings with these people must be apparent to the most skeptical reader of his glowing pages. In making his statements he cites indisputable authorities, and produces irrefutable evidence to support them. His terrible arraignment of the powers that be and that have been is fortified to withstand every test. He wields the scalpel with an unflinching hand, and it cuts to the quick. The narrative is of thrilling interest, and but for the sad reality of its facts, it would rank among the standards of romance. Containing nearly eight hundred pages of reading matter, profusely illustrated, the volume is an epitomized pictorial history of the modern American Indian, and as such should be read and studied in every school throughout the land. No parent can err in presenting as a holiday gift to his children a copy of this most admirable work.

After looking upon the dark side of existence upon the plains and among the mountains of the far West, it is a relief and a pleasure to turn to a charming picture of the domestic life of a frontier soldier drawn by the loving hand of his most constant and devoted companion. In *Boots and Saddles* Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer discloses the inner life of her hero-husband, and leaves him none the less a hero. Without aiming at literary excellence, and only seeking to tell in simple language the story of a few eventful years, she has produced a book of exceptional literary merit. We all knew the dashing soldier; now we know the man, the tender husband, the devoted son, the gay comrade. The story abounds in incident, and its interest is not abated in a single chapter. It is a faithful transcript of every-day events in an existence so remote from our own monotonous routine that we have been inclined to surround it with an ideal halo. It is a wild, free life of camps and forts on boundless prairies, amid ever-present dangers, and far removed from the luxuries and conventionalities of civilization. It is a life of tempest and sunshine, of pain and pleasure, beyond anything that most of us can dream; but through it all flows a deep, full stream of domestic love and tenderness. Her intense devotion to her husband has led the author to keep him ever in the foreground; but not the least of her story's charms is the reflex insight that she unavoidably gives us into her own character. Amid all her boisterous surroundings it remains so sweetly and thoroughly womanly that by the time the book is finished we seem to have always known and loved her. Beyond a doubt this fragmentary record of two lives is one of the most charming stories whose titles grace the holiday list.

No form of winter reading is more delightful than summer reminiscences. While sitting beside a cozy fire, with bitter blasts howling beyond the drawn curtains, how fondly we dream and talk of the vanished pleasures of mountain and sea-side in the delicious summer days that now seem so long past! They are in such contrast to our surroundings that their very existence is mythical, and their return appears an impossibility. Then it is that our hope and faith are revived by some such book as *Their Pilgrimage,* in which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner tells us that such days have been, and promises that they shall be again. The book is a series of summer studies, sketched by a master hand, and connected by a delicate but never-broken thread of sprightly narrative. By the magic of its pages the reader is transported swiftly and easily from one to another of the famous summer resorts of the Atlantic States, and at each he finds a delightfully well-informed guide awaiting him. He remains at each place just long enough to skim the cream of its pleasures without discovering the thin depths of its frivolities; and then, presto! the scene changes, and new delights are unfolded. Starting at Old Point Comfort, he is led skilfully up the coast to Atlantic City, Cape May, Long Branch, Newport, and so on, by way of Martha's Vineyard, Boston, and the Isles of Shoals, to Mount Desert and Bar Harbor. Retracing his steps with one magic stride to Virginia, he enters the congenial circle gathered at White Sulphur Springs, tarries with them a few days, and again turns northward. By way of the Catskills, Saratoga, Richfield Springs, Niagara, the St. Lawrence islands, and the White Mountains, he finally reaches the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, and, like all summer wanderers inclined to do the correct thing, ends his season amid the autumnal delights of Lenox. It is doubtful whether Mr. Warner, who conducts the pilgrimage, or Mr. Reinhart, who illustrates it, adds most to its pleasure. With his happy intuition of what will appeal most strongly to the tourist eye, the artist has caught and given permanent expression to the most characteristic scenes and incidents of the several halting-places. For several years Mr. Reinhart has treated us to sketches of similar incidents of foreign life, but it adds a new zest to our pleasure in his work to find him once more at home and among us. Ranking as he does among our foremost illustrators, his name alone would guarantee this pleasant summer book for winter reading an eminent position on the crowded shelves of this year's holiday literature.

If the delight and interest of children in the literature prepared expressly for them keep pace with the steady advance of their periodicals in beauty and excellence, the youthful readers of this generation are indeed to be envied. Each number of an illustrated weekly for young people is a joy in itself; what then can be said of a complete volume containing fifty-two such numbers? It is a great treasure-house filled to overflowing with delightful surprises, an ever-recurring joy that will last throughout the year, to gladden rainy days and dull hours when all other amusements have failed. Such is the bound volume of Harper's Young People for 1886. Happy will be the boy or girl who receives this magnificent book as a holiday gift! How he or she will revel in the completed serials, the short stories, and above all in the pictures, of which there are over seven hundred among the eight hundred and thirty-six pages contained between its green covers. They are drawn by the leading illustrators of the world—the very same who are employed to produce the beautiful pictures in the grown people's magazines. Among them are Abbey, Reinhart, Rogers, Thulstrup, Frost, Beard, Church, Smedley, Nast, Howard Pyle, Gibson, Davidson, Snyder, Graham, Jessie Shepherd, Miss McDermott, and a hundred more, all so clever with their pencils that each picture in this wonderful book seems more beautiful than the others. Then the serial stories, whole books by themselves, of which four or five, and sometimes more, appear in every bound volume of this prince of juvenile magazines. In this one, which is Volume VII., we find three for boys, "Two Arrows," an Indian story, by W. O. Stoddard, "Silent Pete," by James Otis, and "The Flamingo Feather," by Kirk Munroe; and two for girls, "Jo's Opportunity" and "False Witness," both by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie. Besides these are a dozen short serials of two or three chapters each. In the department of out-of-door sports are given the fullest instructions, by those most expert in them, for every kind of game and sport, including tennis, base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, canoeing, bicycling, riding, ice-yachting, shooting, coasting, swimming, and general athletics. Among the writers of short stories we find such names as Louisa M. Alcott, Frank Converse, H. C. Bunner, David Ker, Frederick Schwatka, Ernest Ingersoll, and a perfect host of others almost as well known, and equally charming to young readers. Natural history in all its forms is treated of in the most interesting manner by its most thorough students. Puzzles and tricks without number are explained and illustrated. Dainty verses and songs with music, plays for home performance, directions for acting charades and preparing tableaux—in fact everything under the sun calculated to amuse and instruct youthful readers seems to have been thought of, and collected between the covers of this marvellous book. Its contents are so varied and numerous that the index to them alone occupies several pages of very small type.

Nothing pertaining to the Revolutionary war and its prominent figures can fail to be of profound interest tc the patriotic American, and when a story of those thrilling times comes to us fresh from the pen of so ripe a historical scholar as Benson J. Lossing, we find cause for redoubled congratulation. His latest work, *Mary and Martha, the Mother and Wife of George Washington*, has little to do with war and battle, but treats of the personality of the two lovely and lovable women who were nearest and dearest to our great national hero. The book is mainly a collection of charming narratives illustrating the character of these notable women, which incidentally throw many side gleams of light upon our early history. Although the wife of Washington has long been a familiar figure to us, we find in this story much that is new concerning her, and we lay down the book with our feelings of admiration and respect for her vastly increased. Of his mother but little has heretofore been known, and to the painstaking annalist who now tells us so much of herself and her family history the world at large, and Americans in particular, owe a debt of gratitude. The book is handsomely bound and copiously illustrated from original sketches, many of which were made by the author while pursuing his researches.

No historical studies of the fine arts of equal value with those of Dr. Franz von Reber, of Munich, have ever been placed in the hands of the seeker after trustworthy information on this subject. In two companion volumes, published by the Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, and entitled respectively a *History of Ancient Art* and a *History of Mediæval Art*, the author reviews the art progress of the world from most ancient times to the sixteenth century of our own era. Of this work Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, says: "So far as I am aware there is no compend of information on the subject, in any language, so trustworthy and judicious as this. It serves equally well as an introduction to the study and a treatise to which the advanced student may refer with advantage to refresh his knowledge of the outlines of any part of the field." Under the three heads of architecture, sculpture, and painting the author treats, in his first volume, of the art history of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, Etruria, and Rome. From the Egyptian Pyramids to the Athenian Parthenon, and from the rude conventionalities of Assyrian sculpture to the Hermes of Praxiteles, he has carefully and intelligently considered and pronounced upon even the most fragmentary remains of the several art epochs. His mature judgment, unbiassed by metaphysical intrusion, and supported by a ripe scholarship, must be accepted as incontestable authority, and is thus of greatest value to the student. In the second volume, which covers the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era, there is little of sculpture, but much of architecture and painting, the plastic art and sculpture in the round having been interdicted, as being peculiarly heathenish, by the early fathers of the Church. Such art as flourished through the Dark Ages found its fullest expression in architecture, mainly ecclesiastical in character, and its progress in this direction is carefully traced through the several countries of continental Europe and in England. There was even less of true art found in Mohammedan than in Christian countries, but such as existed is described and classified with the minuteness of detail which characterizes all of Dr. Von Reber's work. Both of these volumes are so profusely illustrated that they might well be termed pictorial histories of art. The translation of this work from its original German has been most conscientiously performed by the archæologist Joseph Thacher Clarke, who from his own researches has also been able to augment its contents, and thus add materially to its value.

Those boys and girls who long to travel and see the wonderful sights of the world, but lack the opportunity of so doing, can find a most satisfying substitute for actual experience in the fascinating books prepared for them by Colonel Thomas W. Knox. He travels for them to all parts of the globe, with eyes and ears wide open, and is possessed of wonderful powers of describing all that he sees and hears. Having already written five volumes of travel in the far East and one in South America, he now presents them with a holiday gift of another. It is entitled *The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire*, and is described as being the adventures of two youths in a journey in European and Asiatic Russia, with accounts of a tour across Siberia, voyages on the Amoor, Volga, and other rivers, a visit to Central Asia, travels among the exiles, and a historical sketch of the empire from its foundation to the present time. Could anything be more comprehensive? It would seem not; and if the reader, after having finished the book, does not know just as much about Russia and the Russians as Colonel Knox, who has visited and travelled extensively in that country three different times, it will be his own fault, and he had better sit right down and read the book through again. If any boy who desires to travel for the sake of adding to his knowledge of foreign countries is offered as a Christmas gift an excursion ticket to Russia and return, or a copy of this entertaining book, we would honestly advise him to accept the latter, for he will thus gain more of the desired information in three days than he would in twice that number of months of actual experience. To say that the book is "copiously illustrated," which is the way Colonel Knox himself expresses it, conveys but an indefinite idea of the immense number of pictures contained within its covers. It is a book of five hundred pages, nearly all of which are illustrated with one and often with two wood-cuts. Thus, what the text does not describe, the pictures do, and where they are lacking, the Colonel's ready pen supplies all deficiencies. The volume is a fitting companion for those that have preceded it, and will convey to its youthful readers a more thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the Russia of to-day than all the histories of all the schools.

Although the first volume of Dr. Thomson's life work, *The Land and the Book*, was published in 1880, the second in 1882, and the third a year ago, the issuing, at this season, by the publishers, of a new popular edition in a cheaper form than the original, though printed from the same plates, must be regarded with satisfaction by all Biblical students. The first volume relates to Southern Palestine and Jerusalem; the second, to Central Palestine and Phœnicia; and the third, to Lebanon, Damascus, and the Country Beyond Jordan. During his residence of nearly half a century in the Holy Land the author has had the most ample opportunity for study and the collection of material. This he has improved to the utmost; and as a result has produced a work which is not only intensely interesting as an archæological record and guide to the antiquarian explorer or simple traveller, but as a verification of Bible history. By means of the distinguishing landmarks and monuments still surviving he has located the scenes of all the leading incidents narrated in the Scriptures, as well as of many of less importance, and his vivid descriptions of these places glow with the local color of the surroundings amid which they were written.

Joseph the Prime Minister is the latest of Dr. William M. Taylor's important series of character studies from the Bible. They already number seven volumes, and have attained such success that while they are considered essential to every ministerial library, they are to be found in those of a large proportion of the laity as well. The story of Joseph, as told by Dr. Taylor, is not only characterized by a scholarly familiarity with its scenes and material adjuncts, but by a profound insight into the human mind and its actuating motives. It places Joseph in an entirely different attitude from that in which we have been accustomed to regard him. Our youthful impressions of this favorite among the heroes of our childhood are often the only ones that have remained with us, and we are most accustomed to think of him in the pit, in prison, as an interpreter of dreams, and the benefactor of his family. Now we are led to admire his statesmanship, and to regard him as the wise ruler, making and enforcing wholesome laws for the people committed to his charge. Although the exquisite story is subjected to the most searching analysis in the fifteen discourses which are included in this volume, and is examined sentence by sentence, it loses nothing of its charm or beauty in the course of the exhaustive process. It rather gains in interest the more minutely it is examined; and with the light of our recently acquired knowledge we turn again to its perusal with fresh delight and augmented pleasure.

Bishop Alfred Lee, of Delaware, having followed out a novel and thoroughly interesting line of Biblical research, has collected the results of his labor in book form, and under the title of *Eventful Nights in Bible History* now offers them as a contribution to our literature. In the Old Testament the author discovers fifteen of these eventful nights, most of them full of terror and destruction, but some of glorious visions and righteous triumphs. In forcible language he sets forth the thrilling events of these memorable nights, and draws attention to the lessons which they teach. He uses his fine descriptive powers most effectively, and betrays a masterly hand in the few but thrilling strokes with which he draws such pictures as the passage of Israel through the Red Sea, and the consternation in the hall of the Babylonian king at the appearance of the writing on the wall. The eventful nights of the New Testament number sixteen, most of which are directly connected with the life of the Saviour. They are nights of marvellous joy, of sadness, and of anguish, but from each one comes a promise of love and hope for all mankind. With the aid of such books as this, in which the stories of the Bible are cleared from whatever of mystery and uncertainty may have attached to them, their reading and study is accompanied by a new fascination, and must be undertaken with redoubled zest. The day of sternness and severity in this, as well as in other things, is passing, and of the new era, in which the acquirement of all forms of knowledge, including that of the Scriptures, shall be a pleasure rather than a task, the author of this book has proved himself a skilful promoter.

The most learned and scholarly publication issued by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS this year is undoubtedly Professor J. H. Thayer's *Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament*, translated from Grimm's Wilke's *Clavis Novi Testamenti*. It is founded on the second edition of the *Lexicon Græco-Latinum in Libros Novi Testamenti* of Professor Grimm, of Jena, which appeared in 1878. Besides translating the work into English, Professor Thayer has revised and enlarged it, has sought to verify all references, to give the derivation of words in cases agreed upon by the foremost etymologists, and of interest to the general student, to supply the New Testament passages accidentally omitted, to note more fully the variations in the Greek text of current editions, and to give the more noteworthy renderings, not only of the King James version, but also of the Revised New Testament, of which he was one of the Committee of Revision. In its present form the Lexicon is adapted for use with any of the current Greek texts, in which respect it is unique. It includes many new words and forms of which preceding lexicons take no account, and even the varieties of spelling in the several editions are carefully catalogued. Besides tracing historically the significance and use of the more important words, it carefully explains the differences between classical and sacred usage, and thus often discloses delicate shades of Biblical thought. In the discussion of difficult passages the rival interpretations are fairly noted, and authors of diverse denominational connections are impartially cited. Although the deferred publication of the work has occasioned some impatience on the part of expectant students, its enhanced value resulting from these delays will prove an ample compensation for them, and the splendid quarto will prove to them an appropriate and welcome holiday gift.

Although published six years ago, there is to-day no abatement of the absorbing interest excited by General Lew Wallace's inimitable religious romance, *Ben-Hur: a Tale of the Christ*. More than an eighth of a million copies of the book have been sold in this country, and still the supply cannot be printed fast enough to keep pace with the demand. Since the production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* no work of fiction has reached the height of popular estimation attained by *Ben-Hur*. Although the success of the book is phenomenal, it is by no means surprising; the only wonder is that the theme, with its dramatic accessories of scene and circumstance, was not long ago selected for the purpose of fictitious narrative. While the romance is of absorbing and frequently of thrilling interest, it is so reverent in tone, so free from any expression that directly or by implication could give a shadow of offence, that its most ardent admirers are found among the sincerest followers of the Saviour. It is in thorough consonance with the Christianity of the New Testament, and only serves to impress more deeply upon us the pre-eminent dignity and gentleness of the God-man upon whose coming the chief interest of the story centres. Besides holding its readers spellbound with the interest of its narrative, the book is a scholarly commentary upon the manners, customs, and religious beliefs obtaining among the peoples of that epoch. It gives a new insight into the feelings of intense expectation that prevailed among the Jews, and to a certain extent in other nations, regarding the advent of the King whose coming had been promised, and reveals the bitter disappointment of those whose hopes were founded upon an earthly kingdom and a destroyer of their enemies.

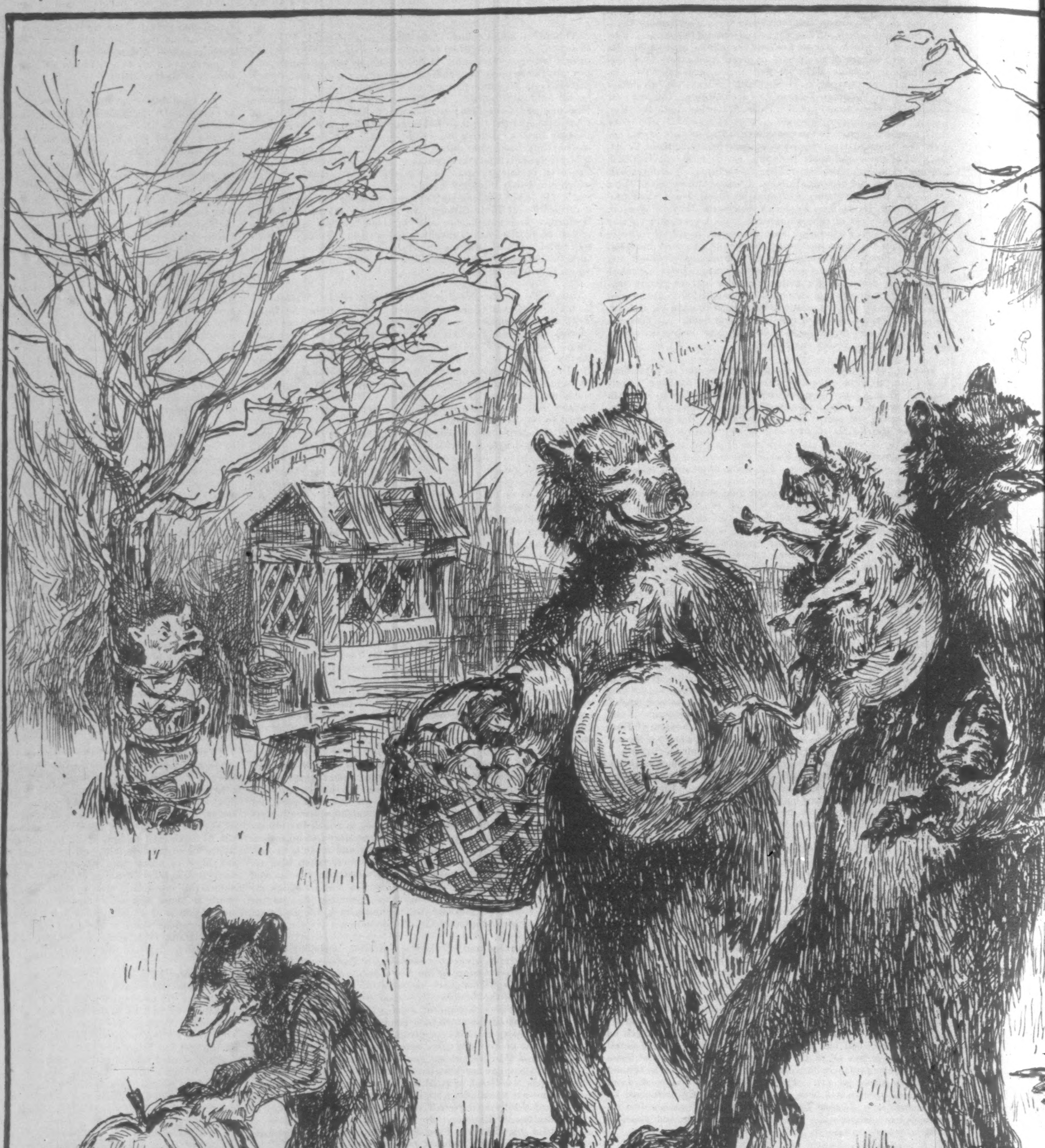
Not least important among the prominent books of the year is Mr. Charles H. Ham's *Manual Training*, which is happily announced as "the solution of social and industrial problems." In this day of search after the best methods of enlarging the scope and influence of education such a work must attract the attention of all thinkers upon the subject; nor can they fail to be impressed with the clearness and weight of its argument. Eight chapters of the book are devoted to descriptions of the several departments of the Chicago Manual Training School, the first independent one of its kind in the world. The course of manual instruction and the purely mental curriculum of this institution are explained and commented upon at length, the value of each is tested by comparison with the other, and a strong plea is made for a combination of the two methods of instruction in public schools. The central idea of the volume is that manual labor, directed by a trained mind, is more noble, and must take higher rank among forces employed by the world's workers, than that of the brain alone, or the hand unguided by intelligence. The author is enthusiastic in his conception of what may be accomplished in this direction, and his words have a clear ring and incisive force worthy of the noble cause in which they are uttered, namely, the enfranchisement of labor from its thraldom of ignorance. No parent, attempting to foresee or outline the future of his son, can afford to neglect the advice here given, and no manly boy can fail to respond with enthusiasm to the invitation of these pages.

A narrative of the sea, gleaned from the letters and journals of one who gained an intimate acquaintance with its mysteries nearly a hundred years ago, has just been issued from the press of the Messrs. HARPER. In the *Voyages of a Merchant Navigator*, compiled by Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland from records left by his father, Captain Richard J. Cleveland, we have a book that rivals in interest Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. Opening with a graphic picture of the position occupied by Salem, Massachusetts, during the Revolution, and the intense commercial activity pervading the city directly after the close of that struggle, the story is a continuous record of adventure, successful and otherwise, extending over a period of twenty-five years. During this time their hero traverses nearly every navigable portion of the globe, and is constantly employed in hazardous and oftentimes desperate ventures. While thus engaged he found time and opportunity for the writing of voluminous letters, and for carefully noting passing events in his journal. He proved to be a close observer, and being possessed of a happy descriptive faculty, these memoranda of his life are of absorbing interest. He was an active participant in those feats of navigation that early in the present century placed Yankee ships, manned by Yankee seamen, at the head of the world's merchant marine. His active life was passed amid such scenes of danger, privation, savage encounter, and oppression of the weak by the strong as are used to construct the most thrilling romances of the sea and a sailor's life.

To the young student of music no more charming book can be presented than the daintily bound little volume in which Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie has told *The Story of Music and Musicians*. It is calculated to advise, help, and stimulate the interest of the student rather than to usurp in any degree the functions of the text-books. A large portion of the book is devoted to simple sketches of the life and works of noted musicians and composers. They are of trials and triumphs, disappointments and successes, but, above all, of the determined effort without which even genius cannot hope to make itself known and appreciated. The story is such a delightful blending of pleasure and instruction that it is thoroughly interesting even to those who know nothing of music, while to those who would devote themselves to the "heavenly art" it comes as an inspiration and a guide. It contains a score of illustrations, some of them by Abbey, Thulstrup, and Snyder; and portraits, from authentic sources, of the most famous composers of the last and this century.

As George Eliot is generally conceded to have been one of the most noteworthy women of her age, any item of information relating to her life and labors must be of the greatest interest to her admirers, as well as to every student of literature and literary methods. Although five years have elapsed since her death, the eagerness for information concerning her personality and manner of thought has in no wise abated. In a carefully considered and happily worded volume entitled *George Eliot and Her Heroines, a Study*, by Abba Goold Woolson, the inner life of the great novelist and the motives by which her teachings were actuated are subjected to a critical analysis with the view of gratifying this desire for knowledge of the woman's individuality. Although searching and severe, this analysis is absolutely impartial, and as such is of unquestionable value. It throws a flood of light upon many phases of the novelist's work that have hitherto proved puzzling and incompatible with her success, such as the despondent tone of her novels and the standard of ethics revealed in them. Taken as a whole, in connection with the universal interest attaching to its subject, the little volume before us is one of the best and most thoroughly satisfactory efforts of contemporaneous literary criticism.

In *East Angels* and *Castle Nowhere*, two of the books contributed to this season's holiday feast by Constance Fenimore Woolson, the reader is presented with a wide range of thought and entertainment. The two books are in striking contrast to each other, for while the first deals with the warmth, the tropical scenery, and the fearfully beautiful flooded forests of Florida, the other bears with it a breath of the North-land, and wintry blasts from the Great Lakes. No writer of this day possesses more marvellous descriptive powers than Miss Woolson, and these she has employed to the utmost in producing *East Angels*. Not only are they marvellous when applied to inanimate nature in all her varying moods, but in their vivid portrayal of human character with its diverse motives of action. The minuteness with which she describes the principal personage of this story until she is a familiar acquaintance, and the skill with which she succeeds in so suppressing her that we have no idea of the importance of her *rôle* until the story is nearly finished, is a veritable triumph of literary art. *Castle Nowhere* is a volume of nine Lake Country sketches, the scenes of which are laid in Mackinac and among the copper mines of Lake Superior. They breathe the very essence of the Northern forests and waters, and are vivid transcripts of the crude but vigorous and full-blooded life of that fascinating country. This volume, and *Rodman the Keeper*, a collection of delightful Southern sketches, were originally published several years ago: but they have lately been added to the Messrs. HARPER's complete edition of Miss Woolson's novels.



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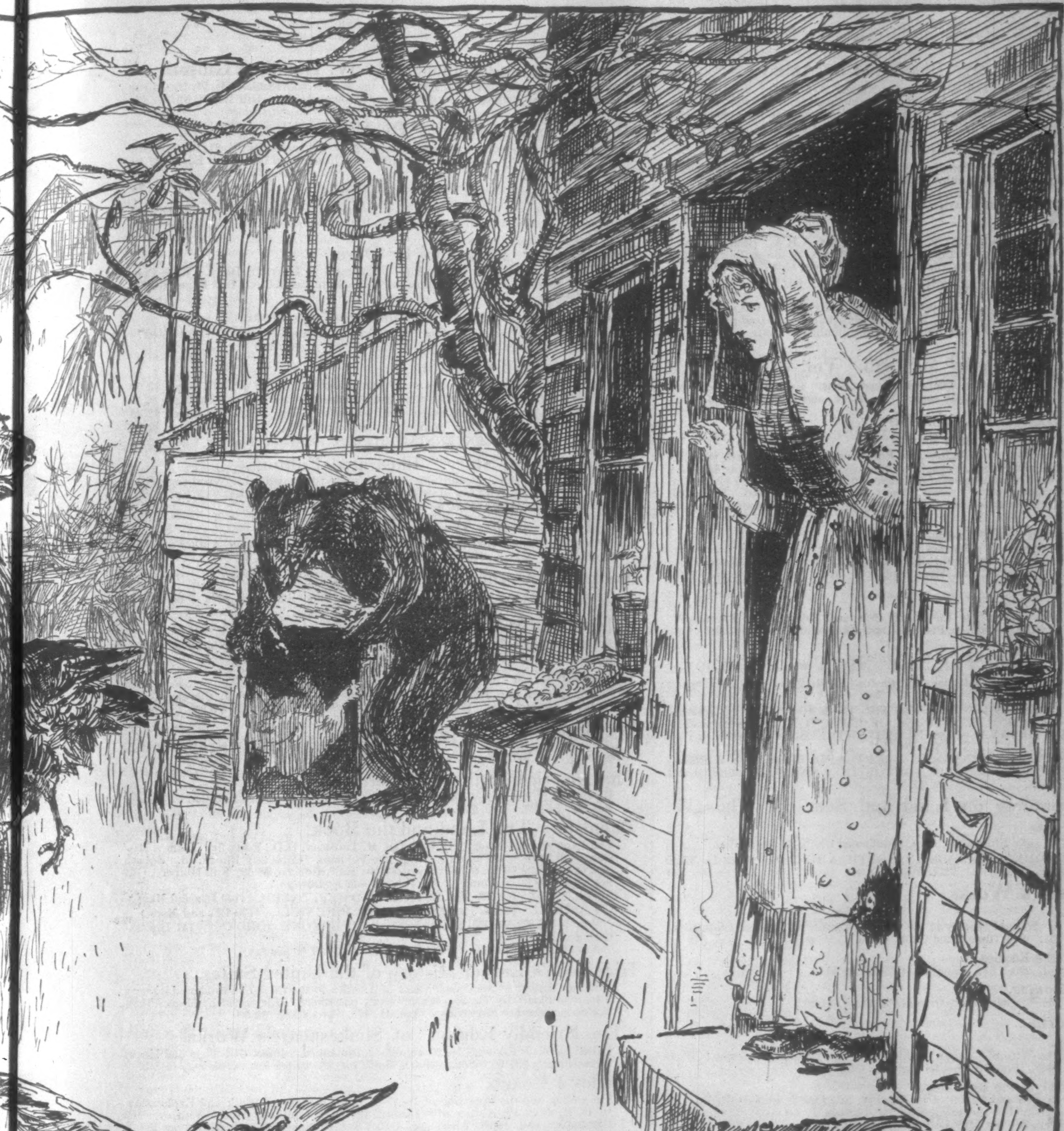

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